

# SEYMORE DAILY REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME XXVIII NO. 211

SEYMORE, INDIANA, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1909.

PRICE TWO CENTS

## OLD FINDLEY MILL

Landmark at Maumee is Being Torn Down.

Over seventy-five years ago Hugh Findley, a well known pioneer resident of Jackson county, built a mill on Salt Creek at Maumee. This old mill did a flourishing business for many years and farmers for miles in every direction took their grist there and waited their turn. They would go early in the morning and wait a half day or probably all day for their "grinding." Farmers would swap stories and relate all the news and gossip of their respective neighborhoods. This old mill became a news center before the days of the daily newspaper and quick mail service.

During the civil war the farmers

would gather at the Findley mill and talk over war news and read letters that came to homfolks from men who were following the stars and stripes in the southland. They were deeply interested in war news for they were patriotic and that vicinity furnished its full quota of soldiers. In political campaigns they talked politics while waiting on the miller and settled in their own minds many public questions.

But this old mill is soon to disappear but its memories will linger for years to come. It is now being torn down and its heavy timbers will be put into some other building. For many years this mill, like most small water mills, has been silent. Conditions have changed and farmers no longer take their wheat to the mill and wait for it to be made into flour.

So far as the REPUBLICAN can learn Hugh Findley sold the mill after operating it a good many years to Daniel Clabaugh. Later on James Brown owned it and still later it became the property of the Fleetwoods. In recent years it has been owned by Jas. H. Davis, the merchant at Maumee.

J. H. Westcott, the real estate man of Cedar Rapids, Ia., and his little son arrived in this city Tuesday morning and Mr. Greenman's mother, Mrs. W. T. Greenman, and her sister, Miss Mary Unnewehr, left for their home at Batesville on the nine o'clock train. Other out-of-town people in the party were Miss Della Schweier and Messrs. Clarence and Harry Schweier. They had been in camp about a week, had a pleasant time and a good rest and had fair luck at fishing.

### Improvements.

Miss Nellie Jonas is having some improvements made on her building at the northwest corner of Indianapolis avenue, and St. Louis avenue, recently vacated by the U. G. Miller's saloon. The building will be made ready for rental purposes. This has been a good corner for business and will doubtless be occupied again in the near future. The location is central and near all the passenger stations.

### Break Camp.

The party at the Greenman fishing camp broke camp Tuesday morning and Mr. Greenman's mother, Mrs. W. T. Greenman, and her sister, Miss Mary Unnewehr, left for their home at Batesville on the nine o'clock train. Other out-of-town people in the party were Miss Della Schweier and Messrs. Clarence and Harry Schweier. They had been in camp about a week, had a pleasant time and a good rest and had fair luck at fishing.

### Ask your grocer for Resiner's Home Bread

### Another Good Piano Sale.

The Wiethoff-Kernan Music Co. has sold a very fine Ellington piano to Miss Adelade Gasaway, of west Laurel street. This piano is unquestionably one of superior quality and merits the favor of anyone contemplating the purchase of a good instrument. Many of the homes of the most refined and cultured are graced by the presence of this world wide favorite.

### Strange Fatality of Stock.

Norval Mitchell, a teamster residing at the northeast corner of Lynn and Tipton streets, lost a work mule Tuesday night by sickness. This is five horses and a colt, fifteen or sixteen hogs, besides three hogs that were stolen, and about a hundred chickens that Mr. Mitchell has lost in about two weeks more than a year, or since the 27th of July last year. He lost a mare only about three weeks ago.

### Notice.

There are a few pianos in this city being advertised as \$300.00 pianos at the ridiculous (?) price of \$168.00 and \$179.00 and we kindly advise anyone looking for such bargains to see us and we can furnish the same instruments at \$145.00 a piece.

WIETHOFF-KERNAN MUSIC CO.

### Entertained.

Mrs. L. B. Hill entertained a company of friends very pleasantly at her home, corner of Second and Poplar streets, yesterday afternoon.

## CALL US UP

Old Phone 400, New Phone 633,  
When in need of anything in the DRUG line.  
We will give you prompt service and Best quality of Drugs and Sundries.  
Prescriptions Correctly Compounded.  
Give our Ice Cream Soda a trial.

Andrews-Schwenk Drug Co.

## DREAMLAND TONIGHT

"THE ACCUSING DOUBLE" or "LIFE AT MONTE CARLO"  
Illustrated Song "YOU'RE A STINGY THING"  
By Miss Lois Reynolds, PIANO--Miss Frieda Aufderheide

## HARRY M. MILLER, AGENT,

Home, Aetna, Phoenix, Hartford,  
Insurance Co. of North America,  
German American Insurance Co.  
Providence Washington.

Is your insurance in any of the above companies? If not, why not?

## Strawride.

The Epworth League of the German Methodist church was given a strawride to the Peters' Cabin Tuesday evening where they had been invited to eat turtle soup. Mr. and Mrs. Alex Bollinger and Mr. and Mrs. Ben Schneek went out in their autos. The camping party who acted as hosts to about twenty five specially invited guests include Dr. and Mrs. G. G. Graessle and family, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Graessle and Mr. Graessle from Nashville, Tenn. The strawride party left the city about 7:15 and was entertained at the camp from 9 till 11, arriving home about 1 o'clock. There were fireworks at the lake and a number of boats were provided for the pleasure of the guests. The grounds were lighted with Japanese lanterns and everything was nicely arranged for the comfort and enjoyment of the Epworth Leaguers and their friends. Refreshments were served during the evening.

## REDDINGTON.

The yearly meeting of the Christian church in this county will be held at this place Sept. 11 and 12.

C. B. Davis and wife, of Seymour, attended church here Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Sweeney were the guests of Michael Wilday and wife of North Vernon Sunday.

There were five carloads of cante-loupes shipped from this place Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harman Helt and Thomas Reed, of Helt's Mill, visited James Baldwin and family Sunday.

Mrs. Bruce Davis, of Cincinnati, is visiting relatives here.

The S. S. at this place will give a picnic in Fox's Grove Saturday, Aug. 28. Everybody invited.

Chas. and Alice Luckey were the guests of Miss Minnie Veshlage, of Cortland, Sunday.

Mrs. Alice Hazard visited her son, Mitt Hazard, and other relatives at Brownstown last week.

Mrs. A. N. Munden, of Oklahoma, who is visiting at Seymour, was the guest of Mrs. Lyman Gruber Saturday.

Henry Quadde and family attended a love feast near White Creek Sunday.

Misses Clara Rapp, Christine Leobline, and Bertha and Erma Montgomery, of Williams, called on Miss Nellie Davis Monday afternoon.

Robert Combs, who has been working for Wm. Murray this summer, has returned to his home in Washington county.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Rumph, of Surprise, visited relatives at this place Saturday and Sunday.

Dr. C. A. Murray has moved his office from here to West Reddington.

Calvin Davis, of Holton, visited relatives here Sunday.

A surprise dinner was given Sunday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William Sparks at their home about one-half mile south of here. About 67 relatives and friends came with well filled baskets and fine dinner was served. Those from a distance were Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Jackson, of Burnsillville; Mrs. Bruce Davis, of Cincinnati; Mrs. Bertina Beckwith and children and Miss Grace Ewing, of Seymour; Ben Braumann, of Vincennes; Frank Swengel and family and Mr. and Mrs. Homer Perry and family, of Azalia, and Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Miller and Mrs. Mattie George, of Jennings county.

WEST REDDINGTON.

Five cars of tiptop melons were loaded and shipped from here Monday.

A. J. Haskett went to Indianapolis last Friday.

Ed Hoene and wife and daughter Maggie, of Youtz Hill, visited Robert Craig and family Sunday.

John Horn made a business trip to Columbus Monday.

Charlie Adams and wife went to Indianapolis Monday.

Mrs. Mattie Whitlatch and daughter, Mrs. Myrtle Schuh, Mrs. Elizabeth Prather, Mrs. Albert Gilbert and Mrs. Kate Pedrick, of Columbus, Mrs. Charles Glasson and children of Seymour, Mrs. Emma Sweeny and daughter, Minerva Bunton, Mrs. Charlotte Davis and daughter, Nellie, of Reddington visited Mrs. Anna Combs Wednesday.

Mrs. J. W. Wray and daughter, of Jeffersonville, went to Indianapolis this morning to visit relatives. They were accompanied by Miss Marjorie Frey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andy Frey, of this city, who has been visiting in Jeffersonville.

Mrs. C. M. Scott and son, Donald, are expected here this afternoon from Phoenix, Ariz., to spend a few weeks with her mother, Mrs. Cozine and family, of N. Mill street. This is Mrs. Scott's first visit here for about two years.

Fred Everback and John Wilhelm returned this morning from a fishing trip at Rockford, but the market has not been overstocked since their return.

Miles Roland and Dr. John H. Senef, of French Lick, were in this city Tuesday evening.

## To Whom It May Concern.

There is a piano handled in this city, which is being talked, advertised and claimed to be the equal of and even the superior to the old established and reliable Chickering & Sons piano made in Boston. Unscrupulous imitations are to be found everywhere and the piano business is a veritable hot bed for this class of competition, so we take this method of advising prospective purchasers of the real fact of this case by referring to page three of the Indianapolis Sun, 6th edition, August 10, 1909, or call at our store where we have a sample copy on display.

WEITHOFF-KERNAN MUSIC CO.

## Accident Narrowly Averted.

Casper Schaefer came near being struck by the nine o'clock passenger train on the B. & O. S-W. Tuesday morning at the Chestnut street crossing. He was driving west on the north side of St. Louis avenue, opposite the city building, and as he saw no crossing watchman and his view to the west was obstructed by two other vehicles that were just clearing the track, he naturally thought everything was all right and not hearing the whistle for the crossing started across the track without slackening his speed. Engineer David Moses, who saw the danger, gave a hasty warning signal and just then Chief of Police Moritz, who had been standing on the corner near the city fire department, stopped the horses and turned them off the track as the engine rushed by. It was a narrow escape and was an illustration of how essential it is for the watchman to be vigilant at these much used crossings.

## Obituary.

Elma Elizabeth the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Tobias, was born at Cana, Jennings Co., Nov. 15, 1907 and departed this life Aug. 5, 1909 at their home at Fowler, Ind., after an illness of only thirty-six hours, at the age of 7 years, 8 months and 20 days.

Little Elma was a bright, lovable child, who will be missed by all who knew her. She suffered intensely during her illness until God in His infinite love and mercy called her home. She leaves a loving father and mother, three sisters, one brother, grandparents and a host of friends and other relatives to mourn their loss. But their loss is Elma's gain. Let not your hearts be troubled. Blessed is little Elma for Jesus has said, "Let the little children come unto Me."

## Repairing Crossing.

A force of interurban men were at work most of the day Tuesday raising the B. & O. crossing. The rail seems to be soft below and they have always had trouble with this crossing. They may find it necessary to put a concrete base beneath the crossing or make some other substantial change there before the trouble ceases. The heavy B. & O. trains that are passing over there constantly make a very strong crossing absolutely necessary.

## Thursday's Bargains. 20lbs.

## Granulated Sugar For \$1.00

Providing you purchase 1 pound of our best 25c loose Coffee for 20c. Terms cash. Sale from 1 to 5.

HOADLEY'S CUT RATE GROCERY.

alld

## Ice Cream Social.

The Ladies Aid Society of St. Paul's Evangelical church will give an ice cream social Thursday evening at the school room. The public is cordially invited.

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Miss Florence Brown has resigned her position at Schmit's bakery. Miss Lottie Gill has resigned her position at the Hoosier grocery to accept the position made vacant at the bakery and went to work there Tuesday morning.

Frank Kerkhof, 5 N. Chestnut street for ice cream, fruits and cigars.

99d-tf

Shave with Berdon, the barber.

## Coming Here.

John Vanosdol, a freight conductor on the Indianapolis and Louisville traction line, who was married at Rushville about three weeks ago to a popular young lady of that city, is back on his run. Mr. and Mrs. Vanosdol are expecting to move to Seymour in the near future and make this their home.

## Attention Republicans.

The republicans of the city of Seymour are called to meet in mass convention at the council chamber on Thursday evening, Aug. 12, 1909, at 7:30 for the purpose of reorganizing the city committee.

H. C. DANNETTELL, Sec'y.

jl2d

Shave with Berdon, the barber.

## DREAMLAND TONIGHT

## NICKELO TONIGHT

"Policeman's Rest"

"The General and the Sentry"

also "The Mouse"

SONG:

When Your Heart Beats Ragtime

These are good ones

Come and laugh. Admission 5c.

ANY SEAT 10 CENTS

NICE AND COOL HERE

## SEYMORE DAILY REPUBLICAN

SMITH &amp; REMY, Publishers.

SEYMORE, INDIANA.

NEW TRICKS OF UMBRELLAS.

Many Improvements Made in the Last Few Years on Them.

Up to a few weeks ago, it is said, only seven patents on umbrellas had been issued in the United States in 100 years, this despite the fact that the annual production of umbrellas in this country is close to 15,000,000.

The ribs and stem of an umbrella are generally made in factories having a specialty of these items and are sent thence to the real manufacturer. Here, first, the man whose work it is to assemble the parts inserts a bit of wire into the small holes at the end of the ribs, draws them together about the main rod and puts on the ferrule.

In cutting the cloth seventy-five thicknesses or thereabouts are arranged upon a splitting table, at which skilled operators work. In another room are a number of girls who operate hemming machines. A thousand yards of hemmed goods is but a day's work for one of these girls. The machines at which they work have a speed of some 3,000 revolutions a minute.

After hemming, the cloth is cut into triangular pieces, with a knife as before, but with a pattern laid upon the cloth. The next operation is the sewing of the triangular pieces together by machinery.

The covers and the frames are now ready to be brought together. In all there are twenty-one places where the cover is to be attached to the frame in the average umbrella.

The handle is next glued on and the umbrella is ready for pressing and inspection. By far the greater number of umbrellas to-day are equipped with wooden handles. A large variety of materials may be used, however, such as horn, china, agate, pearl, ivory, silver and gold. Gold and silver quite naturally enter into the construction of the more expensive grades of umbrellas, some of which in price have been known to bring as high as \$150 and \$200. A wooden handle may likewise be expensive, depending upon the quality of the wood used. Ebony, petrified wood, fir, oak and elder are as well known to the umbrella man—15,000,000 umbrellas a year.

The umbrella has been developing rapidly during the last few years. We pick up even a cheap one nowadays, press a button and the top spreads itself like an eagle ready for its flight. We are going away and an ordinary umbrella is too long to put in our grip. We find among our assortment of umbrellas and parasols one that is meant for just such an emergency and which, in a most accommodating manner, folds up to suit the size of our traveling bag. Other new ones lock with a key. Some spread their shade over eight or nine feet of territory, and manufacturers aver that these are but a few of the improvements which we may expect.

—American Inventor.

HAY FEVER RAVAGES.

More Prevalent in the United States Than Other Countries.

In an exhaustive paper on hay fever read at a meeting of the Society of the Alumni of Bellevue Hospital, Dr. W. W. Carter said that the disease, which will be making its annual visitation soon, was not recognized a hundred years ago. Moreover, he said, this annoying complaint is more prevalent in the United States than in any other country, and it has increased to a remarkable extent in the last fifty years. These are some of the striking features of the paper:

"Hay fever is an affection of comparatively recent date; there is no positive evidence that it was recognized prior to 1819, when Bostock read before the Royal Medico-Chirurgical Society of London a paper entitled 'A Periodic Affection of the Eyes and Chest,' in which he described his own affliction and attributed it to the sun-shine and heat in summer.

"The remarkable increase of this malady during the past half century in this country at once arrests our attention and we seek an explanation. There are within our boundaries in the neighborhood of 100,000 hay fever subjects, and this number is being rapidly augmented. Hay fever, like other reflex neuroses, is pre-eminently an affection of civilized man, and is most common in our large cities, where it is increased with the increased demands for nerve energy.

"On the other hand, the farmer who comes in contact with more pollen than any one else is practically never affected. In this case the immunity may have been acquired by constant contact with the exciting cause of the disease; but what is more likely it comes as a compensation for his simple habits of life.

"Heredity plays a most important part in this affection, and is recognized by various writers in from 40 to 50 per cent of their cases. In my own practice in fully 75 per cent of cases more than one member of the family is affected. In one New York family, where the father and two uncles are affected, five out of seven children have hay fever and two of these have also asthma.

"In regard to the use of drugs, with

say that my own experiences have been most unsatisfactory.

Palliative measures.—If the patient is unable to go to a hay fever immune district, he should avoid excitement and hurry. Exercise increases the number of respirations, consequently the amount of pollen inhaled. Then, too, the perspiration is a solvent for the pollen, and in the susceptible subject causes the face to itch and burn. Bright sunlight and dust aggravate the symptoms.

"The skin, bowels and kidneys should be kept active and the diet must be frugal. Well known reflex excitants, such as shellfish and strawberries, should be avoided, and meat should be taken only sparingly."

HOW GOLD LEAF IS MADE.

Metal is Pounded for Hours by Men, Then Finished by Girls.

In one of the downtown business streets may be seen sticking from one of the upper windows a massive arm and hand, the hand grasping a huge hammer and the whole sign gilded. It is the sign of the gold beaters' establishment, where thousands of the gold sheets are turned out after having been packed by girls.

Gold leaf is packed more by the aid of the breath than by the hands. The operation of transferring a sheet of almost transparent gold leaf from one place to another is so delicate that it is possible to do it only by a light put of the breath. It takes most girls six weeks to acquire this knack, and some girls are never able to acquire it.

The gold reaches the "beaters" first in wide bars or nuggets, and has to be weighed, melted, and made into inch-wide ribbons before anything else is done. The ribbon is then cut into inch squares and beaten with a hammer wielded by a man. When each leaf has been beaten thin, it is transferred to a mold, where it is beaten four hours more. The beating is done with a wooden hammer weighing from seven to eighteen pounds, on a sheepskin cushion, which rests on a granite block. The gold used for beating is usually 22 or 23 karats fine. A little alloy of copper or silver is added to make it spread. It would be impossible, the beaters say, to handle perfectly pure gold.

After the gold has been beaten it is handed over to the girls, who lift the unshaped leaf from the mold with a pair of wooden pliers, flatten it out on a sheepskin cushion by gently blowing on it, cut it to a perfect square, replace it between the leaves of the book, and flatten it out with the breath.

There are 25 leaves in a book, and a skilled girl can pack 70 books in a day, for which she gets from 2½ to 3 cents book.—New York Times.

Making a Noise in the World.

"Lincoln," said Mr. MacGillamby to the New York Sun man, "told a story about a little steamboat running on the Wabash river with a whistle so big that when the captain blew it he had to tie up to the bank for an hour or two to get up steam enough to go on. He had only a little boat, but he wanted to make as much noise as anybody on the river."

"And isn't it so, in a way, with our friends the automobilists? If you don't see it you can't tell by the sound of the horn whether the machine coming is a veritable battleship of a car with a limousine body and with fourteen extra tires clamped to it, and with hampers and baskets strapped to it all over, and with seven trunks on the roof, a regular house on wheels driven by a hundred-horse-power engine, or a rickety little second-hand two-horse-power runabout, for the floppy little runabout is altogether likely to carry a bigger and louder horn than the majestic touring car."

"And still, are steamboat men and automobilists the only people that like to put up a big front? Don't we all of us, big and little, like to make all the noise we can in the world?"

He Would, Too.

While dining at the house of a friend a Portland (Maine) physician was one evening much annoyed by the guest at his right who persisted in endeavoring to obtain gratuitous advice.

"Doctor," said he, "sometimes this complaint assumes most distressing phase. Now, I know a man afflicted with it who does nothing but moan with pain. What would you do in such a case?"

"In such a case," said the physician, with his suavest smile, "I suppose I should moan with pain, too."

On the Wings of the Twilight.

I'd like to be a Wright brother and own an aeroplane, One I could carry in my trunk from Florida to Maine.

I'd stop at all the best hotels—about the fifteenth floor—And order all the luxuries delivered at my door, And I would be quite honest with the kindly hotel men—

When it came time to settle I would make it Wright with them.

—Boston Traveler.

Faithless There.

"Do you believe everything your husband tells you?"

"Yes, except his promises to weed the garden when he comes home from work."—Detroit Free Press.

At the Library.

"Good morning, Miss Readwell; what is the best book for an old man about to get married?"

"A bank book."—Illustrated Bits.

Nothing surprises a woman so much as the failure of the unexpected to happen.

"In regard to the use of drugs, with

view to curing the affection, I must



## MOTHER GOOSE UP TO DATE.

Tom the piper's son stole a pig from Farmer Jenkins and away he ran to make good his escape. But piggle objected to being stolen. The moment he understood his true position, he



started to squeal at the top of his voice. This aroused the farmer from his noonday siesta (get Uncle John to explain this word), who at once started in hot pursuit for his lost property.

Poor Tom! Already his conscience troubled him—but not half so much



as the pig's squealing. Do what he might, he couldn't stop it, and all the time his pursuer was just following the squeal and getting nearer and nearer. Tom tried to hide the animal under his blouse, but piggle simply



wouldn't let up even for a second. In desperation, Tom opened his mouth very, very wide, took out mouthful and piggle's squeals were no more.

But with a pig in the inside of his stomach, Tom couldn't run—nor could you, dear reader. The farmer over



took him, grabbed him by the collar, gave him a sound trouncing, and sent him flying down the street as fast as ever his legs could take him. Tom never stole another pig, you may be quite sure of that.

Flower in a Soap Bubble.

A pretty experiment is that of placing a flower inside a soap bubble. To accomplish this feat, which is often mystifying and always amusing, put water in which a good deal of soap has been dissolved into the bottom of a tray, or shallow pan, to the depth of about an eighth of an inch. In the center of the tray place the rose, or water lily, or whatever flower is chosen for the experiment. Over it then lay a tin funnel. Now slowly lift the funnel, at the same time blowing gently through its small end. When you have blown a large enough film, you can disengage the bubble by turning the funnel at right angles. A great variety of objects, from china dolls to Easter eggs, may be in this way filmed over with a gay sphere of iridescence.

A Common Error.

An error that is frequently made and for which there should be no excuse save that of ignorance, is often said to be the result of hurried composition; but you will admit that that is less than no excuse at all. It is the use of the objective case instead of the possessive, before a gerund or verbal noun, ending in ing. As an illustration, take this phrase that was inadvertently published in a newspaper: "To prevent them making a rush." Of course this error may be corrected in one of two ways: "To prevent their making a rush," or "to prevent them from making a rush." If you will think only a moment, the reason will be obvious.

MONARCHS ALWAYS IN PERIL.

Efforts to Appear Calm Often Upset by Apparent Danger.

One of the principal rules in the life of a king is that his face must

never betray his emotions; he must

never show surprise or disappointment or anger. Above all, he must never show fear. But sometimes, says an English writer, it happens that the iron self-control of a ruler will break down.

One can readily understand the effect that the terrible events of her wedding day must have had on the nerves of the young queen of Spain and though at the time her calm courage was the admiration of all, it is quite certain that the fright has had a lasting effect.

After a recent visit to England she was about to embark on her journey back to Spain and had taken leave of the friends and relatives who had come to see her off. Suddenly she turned back and hurried toward her mother, flinging her arms round her and embracing her passionately again and again.

"I fear I shall never see you again," she said, with tears in her eyes.

The only time the German emperor has been seen to look frightened was when he had just arrived in England on his way to the deathbed of Queen Victoria.

He landed at Cowes, where he was received by the Prince of Wales (the present king) and they had both taken their seats in a closed carriage preparatory to driving to Osborne. As the carriage began to move off through the respectful crowd something darkened the window and there was a sharp click. The emperor turned deadly pale and shrank back into his corner. But the click was nothing more serious than the sound of a snapshot camera that an overeager photographer had thrust almost into the open window of the carriage. His majesty dearly loves to be photographed, but on this occasion he was furious at having been betrayed into showing "funk."

A curious episode showing the state of the present Czar's nerves occurred when he and the Czarina paid a visit to Queen Victoria at Balmoral in 1896. It had been arranged that when the imperial train arrived at Ballater station some rockets would be sent up to announce to the queen their safe arrival and also as a sort of welcome to the Czar himself. Unfortunately, no one had prepared the Czar and, as he took his seat in the carriage he was startled by the sudden roar and crash as the fireworks raced aloft and burst forth with a flash.

The Czar sank back in his carriage half insensible with fear and quivering like a leaf, and it was some minutes before he recovered sufficiently to bow to the crowds that lined the route through the village.

A dramatic little episode once occurred on the magnificent staircase of the royal palace in Madrid.

On the night of October 7, 1841, a crowd of mutinous officers swarmed up with the intention of kidnapping the child queen Isabella. Shots rang out and there was a murderous hand-to-hand combat on the staircase.

Poor little Isabella, all her real dignity forgotten, wrung her hands in an agony of fear, screaming, "Oh, don't let them kill me!"

As day broke over the city the mutineers fled and most of them were afterwards shot.

SHROUDED IN MYSTERY.

Cob Meal Industry Not Especially Well Known to the Public.

"Have you ever bought any cob meal?" inquires a writer in Popular Mechanics, and adds: "If so, you did it unintentionally. Cob meal is made by grinding corn cobs, and the industry is one shrouded in great mystery. Not that there is any secret of particular value in the process of grinding, but the ultimate purpose of the corn cob meal is not such as to make publicity desirable. Thousands of dollars have been spent in perfecting the grinding machinery, and the process is now reduced to a practical science. It is apparently reassuring to learn that it is necessary, of course, to have the cobs clean of husks, stones and pieces of chain, brick, etc.; but investigation develops the fact that this precaution is taken not on account of the meal, but to safeguard the grinding machinery." Even so ignoble a thing as a corn cob grinder rebels at being fed on pieces of stone, chain and brick, and the machines are rather expensive.

"Where the cob meal goes finds a ready explanation in the fact that it can be made at a cost of \$6 to \$7 per ton, while ground feed brings \$25 to \$28 per ton.

"To such an extent has this class of deception developed that several States have already imposed severe penalties on the use of cob meal as adulterant. Inasmuch as the nutrition in cob meal is on a par with pine sawdust, it would seem a proper subject for national pure food legislation. The leading milling journals insist that the millers of wheat flour seldom are offenders, and that cob grinding is chiefly done by manufacturers of mixed and compound feeds, especially those composed largely of molasses.

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"To such an extent has this class of deception developed that several States have already imposed severe penalties on the use of cob meal as adulterant. Inasmuch as the nutrition in cob meal is on a par with pine sawdust, it would seem a proper subject for national pure



## Heroes of Faith.

The greatest things are all unseen. The force that moves the stars on high, And clothes the April fields in green, And paints the sunset on the sky, The hidden, holy bond of love, The power of a righteous law, The majesty of God above, All these no mortal ever saw.

And yet we know and trust them all, And feel them all, in life or death; Believe in Christ, whate'er befall, Seeing Him not—and that is faith. The greatest men are those that know These greatest things they cannot see,

Through storm and night straight on they go, Drawn by Thy love, O Lord, to Thee, —Amos R. Wells.

## The Shadowed Way.

Martha Mason's pastor met her at the door. He had been watching for her. Many times a day during the two weeks past he had stood at his study window, looking down the street, his heart full of longing for this girl, fighting her battle alone. The eyes she lifted to him held no tears; instead, they were hot with rebellion.

"I can't help it!" she cried. "I shall shock you, and I suppose it is wicked, but I almost hate God when I think how He let my mother suffer through those months. To have the agony drag on and on when the play was played out and the curtain down! Doctor Howe, I couldn't have done it to my worst enemy. It was cruel, cruel! Once—they never meant to let me know the worst—but once, when they didn't know I was near, I heard her cry. I don't know how many nights since I have waked with that cry in my ears."

"But, child, it is over now," the old pastor said, pityingly. "You could not wrong her more than by holding to the pain when hers is over."

"But it was!" the girl retorted, fiercely. "It was, and nothing can ever undo it."

"Did she complain?"

Martha's head lifted proudly. Her voice was full of indignation. "Mother complain! Why, Doctor Howe, you knew her. The times—like that I heard—she didn't know. She was the bravest—so brave that it seems to me sometimes I can't bear it. You know, Doctor Howe—how could you ask me?"

"Fifteen years ago," her pastor replied, "a certain famous scholar in one of our universities was stricken with mortal illness. He knew—everybody knew from the very first—that there was no hope. He suffered intensely—as much as your mother. But he was stronger and had more physical resistance, so he could keep upon his feet longer. To the last day possible—long beyond the time physicians said it would be possible—he was at his desk in his lecture room. When that became no longer possible he still worked, in every rational moment, planning future courses exactly as if he were to live and lecture for twenty years.

"I cannot tell you, as the weeks went on, the feeling of awe that came over the students. It was, as one of them said afterward, a man practicing immortality. When he died they decorated the chapel with flags and sang songs of victory. In the meeting the students held afterward in his memory there was but one note from beginning to end—that great though his loss was to the scholarship of the country, the gift of his faith and heroism was infinitely greater.

"Of definite actual results in the lives of those students I do not know—I left the city that year, and could not follow them. But nobody who attended that memorial service could ever doubt that his acceptance of his sentence, and his bearing of those weeks of agony steadfastly, absolutely without complaint as an unquestioned part of his duty to his Master, was the greatest service of a life filled with service."

Martha said nothing, but by this time she was listening earnestly, breathlessly.

"Among your mother's nurses, I happen to know, was one who was struggling with doubts. Do you think she will be able to forget what she has seen? What do you and I know of the work your mother was doing for God through those weeks—she whose whole heart turned toward Him, whose whole longing was to serve Him? Do you think He would ever let that suffering be wasted? Don't you think that you and I, blind and ignorant as we are, may safely leave it with Him Whose love she never doubted?"

Silently Martha rose. She could not speak, but her hand-clasp spoke for her. The old minister's eyes were full of tenderness as he watched her down the street—Youth's Companion.

## Limiting Our Spiritual Resources.

God is limited, in His gifts to us, by our gifts to Him. The only man to whom God can give all that He has is the man who has given to God all that he has. In other words, a man's partial surrender of himself to God means that he will receive from God only

part of the power that God would like to send him. Limited surrender means limited power. Every time we hold back something that we ought to give up, we defraud ourselves of part of the power with which God is longing to enrich our lives. The impatient word, the wrong thought which we hold on to when we know that God

asks us to give them up, rob us by just so much of the power that He is trying to place at our disposal. The price of unlimited power is unconditional surrender.

## Willing Obedience.

"Here am I; send me." Isa. vi. 8. When God calls us to duty, it is not ours to ask whether we will enjoy the task, or whether the service will be a blessing to ourselves. It is enough for us to know that God has commanded, and our only answer must be unhesitating obedience. We are not undertaking God's will for the sake of ourselves, but for the sake of God, and even if we obey blunderingly, it is far better than not to have obeyed at all.

## The Wondrous Love.

However rich we may once have been in earthly love, and however poor we may be to-day, we may be many times richer if only the heart is open for the entrance of the Infinite and Living Love. No alienation, no estrangement, no bereavement, can leave us poor, if we but know "the love of Christ that passeth knowledge."

## Christ Within.

The last and greatest wonder of the Gospel is that Christ, the great Model, does not leave us to copy Him at a distance, but actually enters our souls and remodels us. And faith is only the closing of soul with Christ, by which this living Redeemer, with His self-sacrificing and yet His victorious spirit, becomes ours.

## THE FATHER OF A SOLDIER.

A story told of Gen. Joseph Wheeler, by one who is described in the New York Times as having seen the incident. Illustrates again the old saying that the great men are the simplest and the kindest.

"It was at Montauk, during the war with Spain," he began. "With several other officers I was in General Wheeler's tent, and we were busy with details of supplying the hospitals.

"Outside there was a group of civilians. They were waiting to get passes to see friends in the hospital. Most of them carried baskets filled with dainties, which had to be inspected so that the soldiers would not be killed with kindness.

"Among the civilians there was one who was burdened by nothing heavier than his stolid sadness. They had all crowded close, in their eagerness to get the passes, when one of the officers of the medical corps ordered the sergeant to shove them back, and with unnecessary gruffness told them to go about their business, as General Wheeler was too busy to see them for some hours.

"The big man—he looked to be a German, and he was one—was instant in obedience; but the others were moving back slowly, when Wheeler threw open the flap of his tent and asked what the trouble was.

"Here are a lot of people," the officer replied, "who want hospital passes. None of us has had anything to eat since breakfast, and so I told them to go away."

"As I have had no luncheon in three days," Wheeler replied, "I think you might miss lunch just once," and then he turned to the group.

The big German drew himself into a soldierly position as his age and robustness would permit. He saluted as they do in Europe, palm forward. General Wheeler advanced, answered the salute, and asked what he could do for him.

"I know by telegraph mine boy is dead," said the German. "My frau is too much mid sorrow to come, and, respectfully, general, I want his body to bury in the Lutheran cemetery. You will that permit?"

General Wheeler extended both hands to his visitor, and said, "My heart is with you, sir, and I am at your service. There are horrors and glories in war. You have been a soldier?"

"Yes. I was hit three times at Sedan."

"Then you are proud that your boy died for his flag."

"Yes, and God bless you, general."

"Then General Wheeler said, 'I want you to see that this gentleman is given the body of his son, and that it is escorted to the train with a guard of honor.'"

## MISSION OF PAIN.

Although looked upon as an evil, pain is kind. It tells that the laws of nature have been violated and warns us to correct the cause. If it were not for pain we would go on doing things that would destroy us. Pain is a warning that something is wrong, and instead of trying to hush the pain with some drug we should seek to remove the cause.

## Cigars, Too!

Bacon—This paper says that as Elwood Scott, a gigantic admirer of Miss Lola Wescott, of Pongateague, Va., was taking a good-night hug, he broke one of her ribs. He also shattered the crystal of his watch at the same time.

## How It's Done.

"I suppose she's bought everything she needs for her home."

"No, indeed. She expects her friends to give enough showers for her to do up, we defraud ourselves of part of the power with which God is longing to enrich our lives. The impatient word, the wrong thought which we hold on to when we know that God

—but of course he doesn't so that sees it."

If a man believes all a woman says

—but of course he doesn't so that sees it."

## TOPSTICKS

Germany is to have an English theater.

A Paris blind man has saved four persons from drowning.

A record of 412 miles in four days has been made by an Alaskan dog team.

The first electric smelting plant in the world in which pig iron will be produced on a commercial scale is about to be installed in Norway.

While the bishop of Stepney was walking in London the other day a newsboy came along crying, "Winner, winner!" Then, seeing the clergyman, he at once altered his cry to "Dreadful fire at Jerusalem."

United States land areas still unappropriated and unreserved in 1908 were 754,895,000 acres, of which 368,022,000 acres were in Alaska, 61,177,000 in Nevada, 46,532,000 in Montana, 44,778,000 in New Mexico and 42,769,000 in Arizona.

Leprosy is a singularly undemonstrable disease. Out of hundreds only a few have a startling, not to say horrible, appearance. It is very mildly contagious, and nurses and attendants have spent ten, twenty, fifty years in leper colonies without catching it.

At the close of a lengthened and bitter wrangle between a judge and a prominent counsel the former said: "Well, sir, if you do not know how to conduct yourself as a gentleman I am sure I can't teach you." To which the barrister mildly replied: "That is so, my lord."

The battleships Massachusetts and Indiana, the armor for which was manufactured about 1895, carry a main belt of armor which contains plates eighteen inches thick at the top edge, continuing eighteen inches in thickness to a point below the water line, and tapering from that point to eight inches thick at the bottom edge.

At the recent convention of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, in Buffalo, the biggest man present was Michael Regan, the head of Buffalo's police department. Chief Regan could easily qualify for New York's crossing guards' squad, as he stands 6 feet 4 inches in his stockings. He was elected vice president of the association.

The snowfall in central Europe last winter broke all records for many years. Germany probably receiving the worst of it. For days at a time, following each big storm, the streets of Berlin were blocked to such an extent that the street department of the German capital was taxed to the limit. One snowstorm cost the city \$8,000 to clear away, automobile snow plows and vans being used to a great extent in the work.

"Dingoism," the new word introduced into Australian politics by way of antithesis to "Jingolism," is derived from the name of the wild dog of the antipodes—dingo. Before the arrival of the whites the Australian natives had trained the dingoes to assist them in hunting. The dingoes soon began to attack the white men's sheep and so became an enemy to be shot at sight. Real dingoes are now very rare, except in the vast unsettled areas of the north.

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## THE PEANUT INDUSTRY.

Its Value in One Year Alone Amounts to \$12,000,000.

The value of the annual crop of peanuts in this country is estimated at \$12,000,000. The cultivation, collection and export of them make an enormous industry in eastern Virginia and North Carolina. And a little town named Smithfield, some twenty-five miles from Norfolk, Va., has the distinction of being the "peanut center" of the world.

P. D. Gwaltney is the king of the trade. At the close of the Civil War when Mr. Gwaltney was yet a young man the cultivation of peanuts was carried on only in the most haphazard manner—and most of the crop was used to fatten hogs. The future "pea nut king" took a farm in Surry County, Va., and began to grow the fruit—the dictionaries say the peanut is a fruit—in a small way. In 1870 he moved to Smithfield, Va., and started buying peanuts from farmers. Un

used to any regular market for their products, the countrymen were only too glad to unload them on Gwaltney, and they got a good price from him.

He cleaned them as well as he could with a small roller cylinder and a wheat fan run by hand power. By

mixing them properly he could afford a uniform grade for sale, but the quality was usually poor.

But his peanuts were such an improvement on what the farmers had offered before that he found a ready demand, which increased so that he was unable to supply his customers' calls for "more." In the early '80s he built his first peanut "factory." The machinery that he put in was, at that time, a source of much wonder to the natives. This machinery enabled the cleaning and grading of peanuts to be accomplished with great speed and precision. From time to time new machinery has been put in.

As for the picking of peanuts, nothing but human hands can do that. The little roots grow under the ground, much like potatoes, and are rather hard to get at. This branch of the industry is given up almost entirely to women. Thousands of them engage in it.

Nearly all the peanut crop of the United States comes from Virginia and North Carolina. In 1850 some 50,000 bushels a year were grown in Virginia—now the crop amounts to nearly 5,000,000 bushels a year.

Formerly no peanuts were imported here from abroad. Some six or seven years ago a limited quantity began to come to the Pacific coast from Japan. This movement has increased and last season the peanut imports ran to a high figure. Few are sent from this country to Europe; Canada takes thousands of bushels every year, even though she does have to pay two cents a pound duty.

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At the close of a lengthened and bitter wrangle between a judge and a prominent counsel the former said: "Well, sir, if you do not know how to conduct yourself as a gentleman I am sure I can't teach you." To which the barrister mildly replied: "That is so, my lord."

The battleships Massachusetts and Indiana, the armor for which was manufactured about 1895, carry a main belt of armor which contains plates eighteen inches thick at the top edge, continuing eighteen inches in thickness to a point below the water line, and tapering from that point to eight inches thick at the bottom edge.

Long ago they used to consume the kernel and throw away the shell, but it is very different nowadays. If there ever was any fruit, every part of which is used, it is the peanut. The vines make splendid hay, beloved of all horses and cows. The scrapings of the "factories" are fed to poultry. And the shells are ground into meal and used for feed.

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This looks like beginning at the wrong end, the Philadelphia Inquirer says. If the evening meal is at 6 this would leave the body eighteen hours without food, and put all the eating into six. This is crowding the stomach. Most persons can get along comfortably with little or no luncheon. In the middle of the day, when the mind is actively engaged, it is not desirable to turn the flow of blood to the brain back to the stomach. If eating luncheon is a confirmed habit, the meal can be made very light.

Almost all of the food reformers insist that we eat too much. What they really mean is that we eat too much of the wrong sort of food. It is astonishing that so important a matter is given so little attention. It is pretty well known that there are three basic forms of food which are essential to proper nutrition, and they should be consumed in certain proportions. But the crucial fact is that the housewife knows as little of this as of the chemistry of cooking. There are some persons who require large amounts of food but not a great deal of nutrition. The indications are that much of the food we eat is useless for purposes of nutrition, but that the alimentary system is used to certain amounts of material to work upon which cannot be reduced without distress.

It is not impossible to eat just the sort of food that is best for us, but it is improbable that we shall ever get to that basis. So long as people have appetites they are likely to pander to them according to individual notions. What we really need is more food that is nutritive, while the amount that we consume which is of little value is seldom harmless in any respect. The trouble is that our appetites are not always normal and that we do not seek the scientific remedy.

As It Seems.

There was a young woman named Wemyss who complained of her terrible dremyss;

When they called in the doctor Conceive how it shocstor.

When he said: "You have chocolate cremyss."

—Regina Standard.

In a Different Class.

"I hear, Mike, that your wife has gone into society. Has she become a clubwoman yet?"

"Indade an' she has not got into that class. She still uses a flatiron, sor."—New York Times.

What has become of the good old-fashioned woman who used to suggest mustard poultice for whatever ailed you?

# S.S.S. DRIVES OUT RHEUMATISM

Rheumatism is due to an excess of uric acid, an irritating, inflammatory accumulation, which gets into the circulation because of weak kidneys, constipation, indigestion, and other physical irregularities which are usually considered of no importance. Nothing applied externally can ever reach the seat of this trouble; the most such treatment can do is soothe the pains temporarily; while potash and other mineral medicines really add to the acidity of the blood, and this fluid therefore continually grows more acrid and vivified. Then instead of nourishing the different muscles and joints, keeping them in a normally supple and elastic condition, it gradually hardens and stiffens them by drying up the natural oils and fluids. Rheumatism can never be cured until the blood is purified. S.S.S. thoroughly cleanses and renovates the circulation by neutralizing the acids and driving the cause from the system. It strengthens and invigorates the blood so that instead of a sour, weak stream, depositing acrid and painful corrosive matter in the muscles, joints and bones, it nourishes the entire body with pure, rich blood and permanently cures Rheumatism. S.S.S. contains no potash, alkali or other harmful mineral, but is made entirely of roots, herbs and barks of great purifying and tonic properties. Book on Rheumatism and any medical advice free to all who write.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

## THE REPUBLICAN

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EDW. A. REMY } Entered at the Seymour, Indiana Postoffice  
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Six Months.....	2.50
Three Months.....	1.25
One Month.....	.45
One Week.....	.20

### WEEKLY

One Year in Advance..... \$1.00

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1909

THOUSANDS of civil war veterans are enjoying their annual encampment which is now in progress at Salt Lake City.

THE Republicans of Seymour are called to meet in the council chamber tomorrow evening at 7:30 to elect the precinct committeemen who will have charge of the approaching city campaign. This is the first step of the campaign and is important.

THE state superintendent deplores the use of slang and all kinds of bad English. But he will have a hard time breaking it up. He would have the teachers use model English in and out of school. That will help some but it will not correct the speech of everybody. Along with his campaign for correct forms of speech he might make war on profanity. Profane language is decidedly worse than bad grammar.

### Better Than the Average.

Washington, Aug. 11.—Crop conditions in the United States on Aug. 1 were, in the aggregate, slightly higher than on Aug. 1 last year, and moderately higher than a ten-year average condition of all crops on Aug. 1, says the government crop report.

### Dock Strike Leads to Bloodshed.

Fort William, Ont., Aug. 11.—Bullets flew here as a result of the dock strike. The police began search of steamers for men in hiding and, on some of the men resisting, the police opened fire, wounding several.

### When Your Joints are Stiff

and muscles sore from cold and rheumatism, when you sprain a joint, strain your side or bruise yourself, Perry Davis' Pain-killer will take out the soreness and fix you right in a jiffy. For over 70 years it has been the standby for emergencies in thousands of families. Don't go home without a 50c. or one of the new size 35c. bottles.

## TUSCOLA STANDS TO LOSE COURT HOUSE

### Petition Prays For Removal of County Seat.

Newman, Ill., Aug. 11.—The names of more than 2,200 legal voters in this county appear on a petition which has been filed with the county clerk, praying that an election may be ordered for the purpose of voting for or against the removal of the county seat from the city of Tuscola to the village of Camargo, eight miles east. The court has given notice that a hearing on the petition will be granted September 6, and if the prayer of the petitioners is granted a special election will be ordered for November 1. The people of Tuscola declare they will take no organized steps to defeat the movement and may not be represented at the hearing of the petition.

Camargo is situated on the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton railway, and is the geographical center of Douglas county and the original county seat. It is the same age as Chicago, but has a population of only three hundred. At present it is the home of the county fair. The citizens have tendered a choice of two valuable sites for a courthouse.

Tuscola has a population of 1,500 and is situated on the Illinois Central: Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton, and Chicago & Eastern Illinois roads.

### OLICE AT SEAS

Brutal Crime at Rochester, N. Y., Offers a Puzzling Mystery.

Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 11.—Neither the inquest into the murder of Anna Schumacher nor the search that has been continued by county and city police officers has afforded anything like a substantial clue to the man who assaulted and brutally killed the seventeen-year-old girl last Saturday near Holy Sepulchre cemetery. The opinion is generally entertained that the murderer was not a tramp, but someone familiar with the vicinity in which the crime was committed and who is now in the city or near it.

### Well-Known Actor Dead.

New York, Aug. 11.—Richard Gordon, the actor, died suddenly on board a houseboat in Gravesend bay, where he was the guest of John Newton Porter.

## A FEW BARGAINS

\$300 Pianos.....	\$179.00
\$250 Pianos.....	\$168.00
\$50 Organs.....	\$20.00
\$35 Talking Machines.....	\$15.00
10-inch Disc Records.....	20c each
\$7.50 Violins, Guitars and Mandolins.....	\$2.98
10 Post Cards, all kinds.....	5c
Sheet Music, everything at.....	8c a copy

### MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

PIANOS, ORGANS, PLAYER-PIANOS, MUSIC BOXES

sold below cost of manufacture.

Pick your choice now—pay later.

## VANDE WALLE MUSIC CO.

## Pennsylvania G. R. & I. Lines

## North Michigan

TUESDAY, AUG. 17

Round Trip to Petoskey, Traverse City, Harbor Springs and other Resorts; \$11 to Mackinac.

GET PARTICULARS AT TICKET OFFICES PENNSYLVANIA LINES

\$10

## OLD VETS HAVE A GOOD TIME AND THEREBY HANGS A TALE

### Making the Most of Salt Ambitious Wall Street Clerk In Lake Outing.

### THE ENCAMPMENT A HOLIDAY

Splashing in the Great Salt Sea and Rambling Amid Historic Scenes, the Veterans Say That "If Amusement Interferes With Business, Cut Out the Business"—None the Less, Business of the Great Encampment Is Proceeding Apace—Though Van Sant Seems in Lead, Ketcham's Friends Are Working Hard.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Aug. 11.—By a strong element at the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, sentiment is regarded as favorable to Samuel R. Van Sant for commander-in-chief. Atlantic City also seems in the lead as the place for holding the 1910 encampment. Nevertheless the friends of Judge William A. Ketcham and the advocates of St. Louis will not concede defeat. The election will be held tomorrow.

The convention seekers and supporters of candidates are working hard today, but the thousands of old soldiers in the city have more important matters to attend to. "If amusement interferes with our business, cut out the business," is the motto of the veterans, and they are living up to it. The encampment is, first of all, a holiday, and the visitors do not allow their dignity as warriors to spoil their splashing in the lake, their rambling amid historic scenes and their post-card service to distant friends.

The Association of Union Ex-Prisoners of War held their business session with National Commander Harry White of Pennsylvania presiding. Executive councils of the Woman's Relief Corps and other auxiliary bodies also devoted a part of the day to routine labor.

Under the vast dome of the Mormon tabernacle the Grand Army and all the auxiliary organizations were welcomed to Utah by Governor William Spry and to Salt Lake City by Mayor John S. Barnsford last night. Commander-in-Chief Henry Nevius replied.

Campfires were held at the assembly hall and the armory. These were followed by a gorgeous display of fireworks on Ensign peak, the mountain rising 1,200 feet at the northern edge of the city, upon which the Mormon pioneers planted their flag at the first settlement of Utah.

### BARRED FROM MAIIS

Uncle Sam Gets After Another So-Called "Cancer Cure."

Washington, Aug. 11.—The post-office department has issued a fraud order against the Dr. Currey Cancer Cure company of Lebanon, O. This company, according to the post-office inspectors, advertised "a discovery that has startled the medical world. It is guaranteed to cure the disease in ten or fifteen days." Twenty-five dollars was the sum demanded for a complete cure. The department had the "treatment" of the concern analyzed by the agricultural department chemists, who found the medicine furnished to contain "merely a certain amount of 'dope,' which might in some instances render temporary relief from pain."

### ELEPHANTS ON RAMPAGE

Kansas Town Terrorized When Circus

Herd Breaks Loose.

Clay Center, Kan., Aug. 11.—The people of this town were terrorized for two hours by eleven elephants which escaped from a show and stampeded through the streets. The trouble started when a small dog bit at the heels of one of the elephants. The beast at once began to trumpet and, breaking from its keeper, ran away. The other ten elephants followed. Before the elephants were finally captured a showman was knocked from a horse and seriously hurt. During the excitement the people of the town kept off the streets.

### Still Talking It Over.

Chicago, Aug. 11.—Peace negotiations in the street railway situation in this city drag. Both sides are fighting to get all the advantages they can out of the situation. Nothing has arisen so far to indicate that the trouble will not be settled amicably within a few days.

### Japs Seeking Re-Employment.

Honolulu, Aug. 11.—That the prolonged strike of Japanese plantation laborers is a thing of the past is shown by the fact that practically all of the strikers are now seeking re-employment.

### Disaster to Fishing Fleet.

Tokio, Aug. 11.—A dispatch from Kobe says that a coral fishing fleet was caught in a squall of Kobe and 457 of the fishermen were drowned.

President Taft has added Milwaukee to the itinerary of his coming western trip.

## We Give Away Absolutely Free of Cost

The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in Plain English, or Medicine Simplified, by R. V. Pierce, M. D., Chief Consulting Physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute at Buffalo, a book of 1008 large pages and over 700 illustrations, in strong paper covers, to any one sending 21 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing only, or, in French Cloth binding for 31 stamps. Over 680,000 copies of this complete Family Doctor Book were sold in cloth binding at regular price of \$1.50. Afterwards, one and a half million copies were given away as above. A new, up-to-date revised edition is now ready for mailing. Better send NOW, before all are gone. Address WORLD'S DISSEMINARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, R. V. Pierce, M. D., President, Buffalo, N. Y.

### DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION

THE ONE REMEDY for woman's peculiar ailments good enough that its makers are not afraid to print on its outside wrapper its every ingredient. No Secrets—No Deception.

THE ONE REMEDY for women which contains no alcohol and no habit-forming drugs. Made from native medicinal forest roots of well established curative value.

## A Lucky Purchase

We have bought the entire Skirt Stock of the TERRE HAUTE GARMENT CO., of

Terre Haute, Ind., Consisting of white serge, black and white striped panama, also staple colors in plain and fancy materials. These Skirts will be put on sale Tuesday, Aug. 10th, and will divided into three lots:

Lot Number One \$2.98  
Choice - - - - -

Worth more than double the money

Lot Number Two \$3.98  
Choice - - - - -

Worth more than double the money

Lot Number Three \$4.98  
Choice - - - - -

Worth more than double the money

See window display and be your judge.

## GOLD MINE

DEPARTMENT STORE



For the Army of Workers

the bicycle has come to stay, as means of profit as well as pleasure. It saves time and affords most agreeable recreation. For the artisan or mechanic the best wheel is none to good. That is why the level headed ones ride an AVALON wheel.

W. A. Carter & Son

## Building Material

For the Best at the Lowest Price Delivered on Short Notice, See

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H. Lett, M. D. C.



# BARGAINS!

How badly the word "Bargain" is abused by some merchants. There can only be bargains where there is absolute worth. High class reliable goods always command a price equal to their value and don't have to be sacrificed. We have no "dead ones." You get only the BEST when you come to us. PRICES ALWAYS SATISFACTORY.

## THE HUB

THE SATISFACTORY STORE

### Look At Your Face!

If it needs NYAL'S Peroxide Cream to remove skin blemishes of any kind, get a box today, and commence its use at once. Unexcelled for all toilet uses. Money cheerfully refunded if it does not fulfill its promises. Ask about it at our store. Price 25 cents. HOW does Root Beer, with crinkled ice suit you for a hot day drink? Sets

COX PHARMACY  
Phone 100. Use It.

H. F. BROWN, M. D. C. Has opened an office for the practice of Veterinary Medicine and Surgery at the farm of J. B. Love, three miles south of town, on Dudleytown road. Solicits a share of your patronage. Call Old Phone F 3 rings on Dudleytown line. New Phone 226. j26

**BAGGAGE**  
And light freight transferred. Phone 468. One door east of Interurban Station, Seymour

**A. T. FOSTER**

**SUDIE MILLS MATLOCK**  
Piano Teacher,  
Res. Studio: 521 N. Chestnut St.  
SEYMORE, INDIANA.

**LEWIS & SWAILS**  
LAWYERS  
SEYMORE, INDIANA

### Ladies and Gentlemen

Take your old clothes to  
**THE SEYMORE TAILORS**  
And have them put in first  
class wearing condition.  
NORTH CHESTNUT STREET  
Next door north of New Pearl Laundry

Faultless Pressing, Spotless  
Cleaning.  
Work Called For, Also Delivered.  
Phone 383.  
Weithoff-Kernan

**CALL UP 37**  
For any work in cleaning, repairing  
or pressing of ladies' and gents' garments. Will call for and deliver.

**SCIARRA BROS.**  
TAILORS BY TRADE  
4 S. Chestnut St., Seymour, Indiana

**ELMER E. DUNLAP,**  
ARCHITECT  
824-828 State Life Bldg., INDIANAPOLIS. Branch Office, Columbus

**"Will Go on Your Bond"**

Will write any kind of  
**INSURANCE**

Clark B. Davis  
LOANS  
NOTARY

### WANT ADVERTISING

WANTED—Girls at the New Lynn, alld

GIRL WANTED—Apply at Mrs. Galbraiths, wkly.

WANTED—Girl at Domestic Laundry, tf

PIANO TUNING—Satisfaction guaranteed. J. H. EuDaly, j4dtf

WANTED—Young man to shine shoes and attend to cigar and tobacco business. 24 E. Second street. a-11d

FOR TRADE—320 acres Fentress county, Tennessee, 4½ miles county seat, level, good soil, well timbered, clear. Address 1324 west 4th street, Marion, Indiana.

I loan money at lowest rates—no delay.  
Seba A. Barnes, Seymour, j20d&wtf

### Weather Indications.

Fair tonight and Thursday.

### Seymour Temperatures.

The following are the maximum and minimum temperatures as shown by the government thermometers at the Seymour volunteer weather observation station and reported by J. Robert Blair, observer. The figures are for twenty-four hours ending at noon:

MAX MIN  
August 11, 1909, 92 62

A Woman's Backbone.

History records many instances where a woman has shown that she possessed clear grit—commonly called backbone. She must have, to be able to half kill herself over a washtub every week. Women are learning now, however, that if they use Easy Task soap in the laundry it means half the work done while they rest, the clothes are cleaner and sweeter, their hands are not red and ugly, their flannels do not shrink and their linens do not rot.

His Last Act One of Revenge.

Middletown, N. Y., Aug. 11.—Daniel A. Fenton, proprietor of the Elberton hotel here, was shot and killed on the street. His assailant, an ex-convict sending two bullets into Mr. Fenton's body, then killed himself. Fenton in a statement said he once sat on a jury that sent McSorley to prison.

Mr. Webb, a motorman on the I. C. & S., traction line, is back on his run after a vacation of two weeks in which he visited Niagara Falls and other places of interest.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Pat H. Fletcher*

### "A Bit of Advice"

Order that fall suit now. We'll place the order on our time file, and you can have same delivered at any time in the future, and pay when you get it, thus insuring yourself of the cream of our line. Our Fall line was never better.

"Tis the early bird that catches the worm," and you know all about "a word to the wise, etc., etc." so get busy.

We still lead on cleaning and pressing. Prices right; work perfect.

Weithoff-Kernan

In Harmony Hall

### PERSONAL.

J. A. Cox was here from Crothersville this morning.

Miss Josephine Peek was here from Hayden Tuesday.

Dr. W. M. Casey was an east bound passenger this morning.

Fred Diener was a passenger to Louisville this morning.

Rev. J. L. Bryan, of Franklin, was in this city this morning.

Mrs. Elmer Day went to Tunnelton Tuesday to visit relatives.

Joseph M. Robertson was here from Brownstown this morning.

James Wayman, Jr., was here from Brownstown this morning.

David Fitzgibbon was here from Sparksville Tuesday evening.

George Vehslage transacted business at Brownstown Tuesday.

B. F. Plosser, of Indianapolis, was in this city Tuesday evening.

Albert Ahlbrand made a business trip to North Vernon this morning.

Dr. H. A. Washburn, of Waldron, was in this city Sunday evening.

L. W. Verbarg, of North Vernon, was in this city Monday afternoon.

Ira Fleetwood came over from Kurtz on the morning train Tuesday.

Gus Cordes returned to Medora Tuesday to look after a contract there.

Lawrence A. Ebner made a business trip to Indianapolis this morning.

Judge John M. Lewis made a business trip to Uniontown Tuesday afternoon.

Sheriff Jerry McOske was here from Brownstown a short time this morning.

Rev. L. A. Winn and little son went to Brownstown on the motor car early this morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Peek returned home Tuesday morning from Clearspring.

Miss Nellie Murphy, of Washington, is here spending a few days with friends and relatives.

Sherman Hall, ex-trustee of Vernon township, was here from Crothersville Tuesday afternoon.

J. P. Fagan, the show man, was here from Madison Monday evening and left for Michigan.

Miss Grace Rust went to Lawrenceburg this morning to attend a house party for about a week.

Oscar Brooke was here from Brownstown this morning between trains looking after business.

Miss Mabel Harris, of the New Lynn cigar and news stand, went to Columbus Monday to consult an eye specialist.

Engineer Peter Reagan, of Cincinnati, was in the city Tuesday night and went east again Wednesday morning.

Mr. Will Hyland, of Seymour, was in the city today looking after a house she is having erected on North 1 street. Bedford Mail.

Prof. E. W. Davis, Supt. of the Normal, Ill. schools, passed through here today on his way to visit his old home near Azalia.

Miss Madeline Reed came home Tuesday evening after visiting her aunt, Mrs. S. G. Rucker, at Indianapolis for two weeks.

Ralph Boyer, private secretary to General Manager A. A. Anderson, of the I. C. & S. traction line, was here from Columbus Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tobrock and Mr. and Mrs. Herman Aldenhagen, of Waymansville, left Tuesday for Seattle to visit the exposition.

Mrs. Sarah Davis and daughter, of Chicago, who were here visiting friends, returned home yesterday, accompanied by Miss Ethel Clifton.

Miss Roda Lubbe and Miss Hilda Licking, of Farmers' Retreat, are here for a week's visit with their cousin, Miss Laura Willman, of south Walnut street.

Mr. and Mrs. Eph Ahlbrand, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ahlbrand and son, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Nolting and Carl Ahlbrand were entertained Sunday at the home of George Shade a few miles northeast of the city.

Mrs. Frank Bush, of North Ewing street, went to Cincinnati this morning to spend a few days with her brother, Harry McGinnis, and family. She will return Saturday accompanied by Mr. McGinnis, who will visit relatives here.

Conductor Carroll Bush, of the B. & O. S-W., has returned from a few days' visit with relatives near Osgood and attending the Osgood fair. He marked up at once for duties. Mrs. Bush and son will remain at Osgood for a few days.

Mrs. N. Hauersperger and sister, Miss Albertine Bruengger will leave tomorrow morning for Cincinnati on an extended visit with relatives. From there Miss Bruengger will go to Mammoth Cave, Ky. and other cities before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Newman and Mr. and Mrs. J. Sudelmeyer, of West Baden, arrived in the city from the Springs Sunday evening in their automobiles. They remained here over night and continued their journey northward early Monday morning.

## MICHIGAN CITY GETS SURPRISE

Lid Suddenly Clamped On City by the Lake.

### EXCURSIONISTS MUST GO DRY

Wide Open Sunday at Popular Resort

For Excursionists Stirs the County Authorities to Action, and It Is Announced That Hereafter the Lid Will Be Clamped Down—Warrants Issued at Laporte Against Twenty-Seven Offending Saloon Keepers, and There Are More to Follow, It is Said.

Laporte, Ind., Aug. 11.—Michigan City saloon keepers were given a rude awakening when Constables John and Harry Walker, of this city, left for Michigan City with fifty-four warrants against twenty-seven saloon keepers for allowing persons other than members of their families in their places of business last Sunday and for selling liquor last Sunday, contrary to law.

This is the first move to put a "lid" on Michigan City, which has been wide open on Sundays, as a result of which thousands of excursionists have been attracted to the city every Sunday from surrounding cities. The open defiance of the law culminated last Sunday, when twenty thousand excursionists invaded the city and the saloons were wide open and did a land office business. Some of them even employed "barkers" to haul in the people. Since the "lid" was placed on Laporte, three months ago, from five hundred to a thousand thirsty Laporte people have gone to Michigan City each Sunday to get their drinks, and this has caused much hard feeling here among the saloon keepers, who have contended that it is not fair for the saloons of Michigan City to be allowed to do business when the saloons of Laporte, which is in the same county, have been forced to close at night at 11 o'clock, and to remain shut all day Sundays and on holidays. The twenty-seven saloon keepers named in the warrants must come to Laporte to appear in court.

Prosecutor Smith said today that Michigan City would have the lid clamped down hereafter on Sundays and every infraction of the law would result in arrests being made.

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ezuelan newspapers, as must have been his wish.

The systematic spoliation of the fortune which Castro left behind him in Venezuela has proceeded with such gigantic strides that after the first six months the five million dollars of known assets have been almost totally wiped out. The method by which one million dollars of Castro's property was reduced to \$50,000 and this paltry remainder then taken away from him, will probably be a revelation even to Castro himself, who is now having a taste of the same medicine which he administered to the Venezuelan people for so many years.

Castro owned 1,000,000 shares of cigarette stock which had been given to him as his share in the promotion of the cigarette trust. A few weeks ago the directors of the cigarette company sold the \$5,000,000 concern to a private individual, Señor Garcia Guerra, for \$250,000, or just 5 per cent of its capitalized value, and notwithstanding that on the same day of the sale the shares were quoted on the exchange at 25 per cent premium. The next step was the formation of a new company which took in all the old stockholders except Castro. Then there was issued an order by the commercial court to have the \$50,000, which corresponded to the 5 per cent purchase price of the Castro stock, deposited in the Bank of Venezuela to the order of whoever might be the holder of this block of stock. So in one day \$1,000,000 of good money became \$50,000. But the worst was yet to come. This \$50,000 awakened the cupidity of more than one lawyer, so it was immediately attached by individuals who have lawsuits pending against Castro for the recovery of properties and damages.

The sequel of this story of "high finance" was the sudden arrival a few days ago of a German citizen named Theodore Hauer with the million dollars of cigarette shares in his pocket, and he claims that these belong to him by virtue of purchase from General Castro. He has engaged eminent counsel and will begin action against the promoters of the alleged illegal reorganization which "froze out" these shares of his.

What has been done with Castro's cigarette stock is an exact repetition of the process used to oust him from the company which controls the monopoly of navigation of the Orinoco river and by which his large block of stock was made worthless.

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## SQUANDERED LIVES.

The fisherman wades in the seashore; The sailor sails over the sea; The soldier sails bravely to battle; The woodman lays axe to the tree. They are each of the breed of heroes. The manhood attempered in strife; Strong hands that go lightly to labor, True hearts that take comfort in life.

In each is the seed to replenish The world with the vigor it needs— The center of honest affections, The impulse to generous deeds.

But the shark drinks the blood of the fisher; The sailor is dropped in the sea; The soldier lies cold by his cannon; The woodman is crushed by his tree.

—Sayard Taylor.

## WHEN HE PROPOSED

"I know it's altogether idiotic of me to entertain any sort of hope," said Nicodemus. "As a matter of fact I haven't any hope. Not the faintest. I'm just telling you about it to relieve my mind. Kind of had to, don't you know. You know how it is. I don't mean in a case of this kind, of course, you being a girl; but you know how it is when you have to tell something!"

"Being a girl, of course I do," replied Margherita. "Well, I hope your mind feels at ease now."

Nicodemus sighed dolefully. "I suppose it does," he said.

"You hadn't finished what you were going to say, though, had you?" asked Margherita.

"I—I think so," said Nicodemus. "I just thought I'd tell you, anyway."

"Tell me what?" asked the young woman. "I haven't heard anything yet except that you don't entertain any hope. You are really a little incoherent."



NICODEMUS HAD TO MOVE QUICKLY.

ent this afternoon, Mr. Swankey." Nicodemus groaned. "I suppose I could get that name changed," he said. "I'm told that if you apply to the State legislature they'll do it for you. The only thing is that it would seem a little rough on the old gentleman. I'm pretty sure he wouldn't like it. Mother wouldn't, either. You see the position I'm in, don't you? I don't suppose it would make any difference to you, though, would it? If I picked up something like Percival De Lancy, for instance?"

Margherita shook her pretty head. "I'm sure that I can't guess what you mean," she said.

"Oh, I know it wouldn't," said Nicodemus. "I am sure that it isn't worth while explaining."

"You must know best," said Margherita. "But I should like to know what you were going to say in the first place. You seemed to be feeling a little discouraged about something. Then you go wandering off about State legislatures and nonsense. Of course I shouldn't want to force your confidence."

"Do you mean to say you don't know that I was proposing to you?" asked Nicodemus, with wide-open eyes.

Margherita leaned back in her chair and laughed until the tears brimmed over and ran down her cheek.

Nicodemus bit his thumb nail and then stared at the gas log until the girl dabbed her face with her handkerchief and begged his pardon.

"It's all right," he said. "I expected something of the sort. You'd naturally take that view of it."

"But it wasn't any view of it," protested Margherita. "It was the funny way you did it. Nobody could have guessed, I'm sure. What was that you said about the State legislature?"

"Well, as I say, I don't think it would make any difference," explained Nicodemus. "Still, even if I were suitable in other respects, you wouldn't want to be called Mrs. Nicodemus P. Swankey. No girl would, of course. And then Mrs. Nicodemus Pilkington Swankey would be still worse."

"It's a matter of taste, of course," said Margherita. "Personally, I wouldn't consider the name any particular objection. It's rather an interesting name, in fact. Everybody hasn't one exactly like it. If there was nothing worse than the name—" Margherita blushed, but Nicodemus was still contemplating the gas log and did not notice it.

"Well, you won't let this make any difference, will you?" he asked pre-

ently. "After all it was more to get it off my mind than anything else. I'll do my best to converse on agreeable subjects after this."

"Then it wasn't because you really wanted to propose to me?" said Margherita. "It was weighing on your mind as a disagreeable duty to be performed and you wanted to have done with it! How very peculiar! Really, though, I shouldn't have felt you were neglecting me."

"You don't understand," said Nicodemus, "I assure you that I've not had a night's rest for a month, thinking about you. I've lost my appetite entirely. Everybody notices it. I'm really awfully in love with you. I never did get into such a condition before—not so bad, I mean—so it makes it all the harder."

"Makes what all the harder?" asked Margherita. "Being refused," said Nicodemus.

"Still, I don't want you to feel bad about it," he went on. "I'll probably get over it very soon. I do sometimes, you know—generally, as a matter of fact. And you aren't a bit to blame. You've been as sweet as could be to me and you've never given me any reason—any encouragement in that way, you know. I've known girls to encourage me."

"Shameful!" commented Margherita. "How many girls do you make a practice of proposing to in the course of a month, Mr. Swankey?"

"I have proposed to as many as three," confessed Nicodemus. "I never expect to propose to another, though. You're the last."

"I hope so," said Margherita. "I'll try to see to it that you don't."

"It will be very kind of you," said Nicodemus, absent-mindedly.

"Nick," said Margherita, "what made you think I refused you?"

"They all do," said Nicodemus. "What could you do? You couldn't accept me, could you?"

"I hate to have people settle for themselves beforehand what I am going to do and what I'm not going to do," said Margherita. "Still, whatever you may say, I'm not at all sure that I've received any offer from you. You write it out plainly and send it to me and I'll give you my answer within a month."

She got up, nodded kindly at Nicodemus and left the room.

And Nicodemus had to move quickly to catch her before she got a foot beyond the threshold.—Chicago News.

## FOR BREACH OF PROMISE.

## Penalties Are Different in the Various Countries.

Opinions differ radically the world over as to what constitutes a breach of promise. In some parts of the United States the laws refuse to recognize any breach of promise case and a man may become engaged and disengaged as often as he likes with impunity.

In some states, again, enormous damages may be awarded on the barest evidence. The attitude of the law toward the man who changes his mind after popping the question in different countries also differs widely, although as a general rule the faithless man is likely to have rather the better of it.

There are fewer breach of promise cases in France than in any other country. The French law requires the plaintiff to prove in court that she has suffered a pecuniary loss by her fiance's change of mind. Throughout France a bride almost invariably has a "dot," large or small, and the fact is likely to weaken her case. The same law has been adopted in Austria and Holland, where the number of such cases is proportionately very small.

A simpler and more direct method is, of course, for the relatives of the plaintiff to take the law into their own hands.

"You must know best," said Margherita. "But I should like to know what you were going to say in the first place. You seemed to be feeling a little discouraged about something. Then you go wandering off about State legislatures and nonsense. Of course I shouldn't want to force your confidence."

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## Smiles of the Day

## Puzzled the Old Folks.

Mrs. Hardapple—Zeke writes from college that since you called him down for spending so much money he is coming home in trepidation.

Mr. Hardapple (supiciously)—Trepidation? What is that—one of these here new-fangled gasoline cars? Ain't the trains good enough for that boy?

## Real Bitternes.

The Wife—Oh, Tom, how can you be so bitter?

The Husband—Well, say what you will, my dear, you'll find worse men than me in the world.

## A Discovery in Science.

Teacher—James, what is grammar?

James (alias Jimmie)—Grammar is the science which learns us how to speak correct—Life.

## Heard Above the Clouds.



Passenger (on big airship)—What in creation is all that noise?

The Sky Pilot (laughing)—You see, we just passed the dog star.

## Nothing Serious.

"Yes, Harold, I am yours."

"But your proud mother!"

"What of her?"

"Will she give her consent?"

"Oh, mother is too sensible to waste time opposing a summer engagement."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## A Truthful Girl.

"Would you believe that I once had tresses that hung to my waist?"

"Did you, indeed?"

"Yes," continued the conscientious girl, "but waists were under the arms that year."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Outdone.

An English and an American merchant were discussing the relative importance of their business.

"Why," said the Englishman, "in my firm the clerks use 30,000 gallons of ink a year!"

"Oh, that's nothing," retorted the American; "we saved that much ink in a year by ordering our clerks not to dot their 'I's."

## Poor Harvest.

"So you've plowed the seas?"

"Yes, an' I've had some harrowing experiences."

## Best Thing for Woman.

Mrs. Mulligan—It's meself that speaks out me mind, Pat, as ye well know.

Mr. Mulligan—Yis, Bridget; but it's better ter think before yez speak, an' an' kape silent till yez fert phwatz wuz goin' ter say.

## Health Hint.

"Do you know any cure for sea sickness?"

"Yes; get yourself round a good square meal and stay there."

## Friendly.

Reggie—There goes that fellow with a high forehead. They say he has plenty of brains.

BH—Probably he can loan you some.

## Building Castles in the Air.

Oil Trust—Isn't it a shame they are hounding us so! It makes me burn with indignation.

Ice Trust—It certainly is a frost for me.

Sugar Trust—And talking about sending me to jail and I so used to refine influences!—Baltimore American.

## Only Way of Escape.

"Did the widow who was after Sam marry him?"

"No; he escaped her."

"What did he die of?"

## Ready for the Deluge.

Stern Parent—What will you do if you haven't saved any money for a rainy day?

Prodigal Son—Just get everything soaked, I suppose.—Bohemian.

## Like a Bee.

Blobs—Why do you liken Hardup to a busy bee? He isn't particularly industrious, is he?

Slobbs—Oh, no, it isn't that; but nearly every one he touches gets stung.—Philadelphia Record.

## Politically Speaking.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a gangplank?

Pa—It's the plank the gang has inserted in their party platform, my son.

## A Delicate Allusion.

"Alice in the description of Sadie's party; one of the reporters, whom she asked to be nice to everybody, says that Miss Oldgirl formed one of the most prominent mural decorations of the occasion."

"Well, she was a wallflower all right, wasn't she?"—Baltimore American.

## Stung.

"That man you just introduced me to is wealthy, isn't he?"

"Yes, but how did you know?"

"By the way you laughed at the silly stories he told."—Houston Post.

## Putting On.

"They are too ostentatious."

"I never noticed it."

"You were at their daughter's wed-

ding, were you not?"

"Yes, but there was no ostentation apparent there."

"There wasn't? Didn't you notice that they threw wheat at the bride and groom instead of throwing rice at them?"—Houston Post.

## Delightfully So.

"I never liked Shakespeare until I saw you play 'Hamlet'."

"And you like it now?"

"You bet I do."

"And why do you like Shakespeare after seeing me in 'Hamlet'?"

"Shakespeare is so different!"—Houston Post.

## Praise, Indeed.

Haystack—How did you like me in the death scene last night?

Miss Pill—I think it was great. You put so much life in it, you know.

## The Woman Question.

Manager—Why do you object to sitting next to the fat lady?

Living Skeleton—She keeps on asking me how I got so thin.

## He Knew.

Teacher—For example, Jimmy, I'm a chum of yours. What's the plural of it?



## GOOD SHORT STORIES

Lord Chatham said of the members of Lord North's cabinet, "They have brought themselves where ordinary inability never arrives, and nothing but first-rate geniuses in incapacity can reach."

At a baseball game in Chicago the gatekeeper hurried to Comiskey, leader of the White Sox, and said: "Umpire Hurst is here with two friends. Shall I pass 'em in?" "An umpire with two friends!" gasped Comiskey. "Sure!"

They tell a story in Wall Street that Mr. Morgan once replied to a young friend, who had asked him what were the best clubs to belong to in New York: "Young man, the very best clubs to devote your time to are Indian clubs."

Junius in one of his letters to the Duke of Grafton denied that he had charged his lordship with being a degenerate. "The character of the ancestors of some men has made it possible for them to be vicious in the extreme without being degenerate."

Harriet Lane Johnston was a typical society woman of culture in the past. When Miss Lane lived in London with her uncle, the ambassador, an English nobleman was most attentive to her one night at a dinner. Miss Lane's hands were very beautiful. The nobleman, gently touching one of them as it lay on the cloth, quoted Gray: "Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed." Miss Lane's smiling retort was the completion of the couplet: "Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

During Governor Rollins' administration, a representative of the legislature of New Hampshire from one of the rural districts in the northern section of the State was presented to the governor for the first time. Being somewhat unfamiliar with "State House etiquette," he addressed his excellency as "Most High." The governor informed the gentleman from the rural district that there was but one "Most High. He who had made everything from nothing." "Well, governor," replied the country legislator, "I'll give you credit for making a justice of the peace out of a man up in my town that is about as near to nothing as ever walked on two legs."

Among a large shooting party on a northern grouse moor was a certain elderly professor whose skill with his gun was hardly equal to the profundity of his intellect. Suddenly a heavy storm of rain came on, and as there was no shelter on the moor the shooters got thoroughly drenched through. At least, all but one suffered—the professor. He had mysteriously disappeared when the rain came on, and he did not rejoin the party until the sun was shining once more. To the amazement of the others the erudite one was as dry as a bone. The others, drenched and disgusted, inquired of him how it was he had escaped a wetting. "Directly the rain came on," replied the professor, "I went off by myself, stripped off my clothes, and sat on them until the storm was over."

### BLACK WITH CALAMITY.

Sarcastic Writer Outlines Future Predicted by Statisticians.

As though we had not already enough woe, dodging automobiles and taking orders from the cook, we are now told that 150 years hence there will be no more children, writes Clifford Howard. Viewed from either pole of the situation this is indeed a woeful prophecy. If you are a lover of children it makes your blood run cold to realize that they are so soon to be added to the schedule of extinct animals, along with the dodo and the sabre-toothed tiger; while if you belong to the opposite class it is equally distressing to know that this promised millennium is so far remote that you will not be here to enjoy the day when Angora cats and bull pups shall hold undisputed place as household pets.

However, 'tis useless to bewail the oracle of statistics. A learned college professor has computed the rate at which human births are declining, and when he announces that they will come to an end during the next century and a half we have no alternative but to accept his dictum. It is not a guess; it is a mathematical certainty. To be sure, he might have kept his dismal prediction to himself, but 'tis one of the moral duties of a statistician to temper the present joys of life with melancholy auguries. The horrors of the future are calculated with the same precision as eclipses of the moon. Every twelfth marriage results in a divorce; and yours may be the twelfth. Once a week, with clock-like regularity, some one is murdered in New York, and every ten hours somebody is attacked, every forty-eight minutes a building catches fire, every seven minutes there is a funeral, and every three minutes somebody is arrested; so that if you remain in New York for a month without getting into trouble you are to be congratulated. But even in your own village home you are not out of danger. Every two minutes somebody in the United States is killed by tuberculosis; and if it fails to daunt you, then you must know that every minute of the day four and a half persons are tagged by the undertaker;

Every package of Post Toasties Contains a little book— "Tid-Bits made with Toasties." — A couple of dozen recipes Of fascinating dishes, A help in entertaining Home folks or company. Pkgs. 10c and 15c— At grocers.

Prints of Man. "There is such a masculine touch about the dresses she wears."

"You mean that smudgy streak of finger marks along the line of buttons in the back?"—Houston Post.

Every package of Post Toasties

Contains a little book—

"Tid-Bits made with

Toasties." —

A couple of dozen recipes Of fascinating dishes,

A help in entertaining

Home folks or company.

Pkgs. 10c and 15c—

At grocers.

and if you are not one of the four you may be the half.

No prophet who conjures with statistics has ever yet predicted anything pleasant. 'Tis just as well, perhaps, that this is so; for, as Father Gregory once remarked, "Peradventure this world here is made troublesome unto us, lest we be delighted by the way and forget whither we are going."

At all events, we may not plan ahead for a picnic without remembering that the day is coming when there will be no water on the earth, and our Yuletide levity is checked by the knowledge that 100 years from now there will be no more Christmas trees; also, no more coal. Indeed, whichever way we turn, the future is black with calamity. There will be no more lumber, no more fuel, no more teeth, and now, latest on the list, no more children. And if our descendants manage to survive these subtractions it will be merely to look forward to the time when a slowly cooling sun will put the icecream man and all his cousins out of business.

THE AMERICAN MAN.

He Can't Get Over Thinking How Considerate He Is to Women.

The American man doesn't think woman is strong enough for political strife, writes Richard H. Little in a Chicago newspaper. She is strong enough to hammer a typewriter machine all day and stand on her feet in a store. And if anybody tells him in a street car that "we ought to get up and let some of these women sit down," he always remarks, "they're none of them any more tired than I am, and they're fully as able to stand."

The man who whoops loudest when that beautiful toast about "The ladies, God bless 'em," is proposed, is generally the one who makes a noise like a polar bear with his left hind foot in a trap the next morning when his wife says, "Dearie, let me have \$2 to get some shoes for little Fannie."

PaPa's howl of pain can be heard on a clear day as far as the four-mile crib. "Wow," says papa, "\$2. Do you think I'm made of money? Where's that dollar and a half I gave you on Saturday?" But when papa is stopping out around midnight he loses several times \$2 at Kelley pool without a bellow.

The American man who believes his entire duty to woman has been accomplished when he applauds the "sweetest and best, earth's ministering angels" business at banquets justifies the fact that he doesn't get up for her in a street car by declaring that he never got thanked for giving his seat to a woman anyhow and that they were selfish and ungrateful and never appreciated what was done for them.

Bow, wow, wow, wow, wow. The American man thinks that when he gives his wife money a brass band should appear and serenade him, and if he sends his wife and children into the country during the summer he ought to have a Carnegie medal. Whenever he thinks how considerate he is of women, how noble and how chivalrous, he slides for the center of the stage and shrieks for the spotlight.

The American woman encourages him in his belief, but down in her heart of hearts she knows he is a flour-flusher. And she applauds as he takes a handful of flowers and tosses them into the air and catches them on his broad and manly chest. (And I'll bet a nickel I'm as bad as the rest of 'em.)

### The Forbidden Fruit.

The botanical curiosities of the island of Ceylon are replete with varied interest. One of them is "the forbidden fruit," or "Eve's apple tree." Its native name is diwi kadura, kadura signifying "forbidden" and diwi "tigers." The flower of this extraordinary production is said to emit fine scent. The color of the fruit, which hangs from the branches in a very peculiar and striking manner, is very beautiful, being orange on the outside and a deep crimson within. The fruit itself presents the appearance of having had a piece bitten out of it. This circumstance, together with the fact of its being a deadly poison, led the Mohammedans on their first discovery of Ceylon, which they assigned as the site of paradise, to represent it as the forbidden fruit of the garden of Eden, for, although the finest and most tempting in appearance of any, it had been impressed, such was their idea, with the mark of Eve's having bitten it to warn men from meddling with a substance possessing such noxious properties.

However, 'tis useless to bewail the oracle of statistics. A learned college professor has computed the rate at which human births are declining, and when he announces that they will come to an end during the next century and a half we have no alternative but to accept his dictum. It is not a guess; it is a mathematical certainty. To be sure, he might have kept his dismal prediction to himself, but 'tis one of the moral duties of a statistician to temper the present joys of life with melancholy auguries. The horrors of the future are calculated with the same precision as eclipses of the moon. Every twelfth marriage results in a divorce; and yours may be the twelfth. Once a week, with clock-like regularity, some one is murdered in New York, and every ten hours somebody is attacked, every forty-eight minutes a building catches fire, every seven minutes there is a funeral, and every three minutes somebody is arrested; so that if you remain in New York for a month without getting into trouble you are to be congratulated. But even in your own village home you are not out of danger. Every two minutes somebody in the United States is killed by tuberculosis; and if it fails to daunt you, then you must know that every minute of the day four and a half persons are tagged by the undertaker;

Litters Aid to Literature.

The truly literary man has a cleared space about eight inches square on a corner of his desk; in this space he does his writing. The rest of the desk is buried deep under a heap of pressing bills. When a desk looks orderly as a race-suicide home, the chances are that the owner's literariness is assumed. No litter, no literature.—Newark Evening News.

He Knew Whenceof He Spoke. Three-year-old Jack had a little "experience" with a hornet, and upon seeing one on the window next day, exclaimed: "O mamma, here is another one of those sharp-shooter flies in the house."—Delineator.

A man expects his wife to be perfect, but somehow he doesn't seem to realize that she has a right to expect the same of him.

Women in the kitchen seldom

are tagged by the undertaker;

### Concealed Weapons.

Once in a college town the rumor that students were carrying concealed weapons reached the ears of the local police. The chief at once issued stringent orders that the heinous practice should be stopped. One day a group of them passed a policeman, and one of the students in doing so put his hand to his hip pocket. Then, as if recollecting himself in time, he hastily withdrew it and looked sheepishly at the policeman.

"What have you in that pocket?" the latter asked sternly.

Instead of answering, the student and all his companions, as if panic stricken, started to run. After a chase all the students were cornered and ordered to deliver up whatever they had in their hip pockets.

Meekly they obeyed. Each one carried a cornucop. The remarks of the policeman cannot possibly be recorded.—Philadelphia Ledger.

### A SURE SIGN.

#### When It Appears Act at Once.

Trouble with the kidney secretions is a certain sign that your kidneys are deranged—that you should use

Doan's Kidney Pills. They cure all irregularities, and annoyances, remove backache and side pains and restore the kidneys to health. Mrs. John B. Whittaker, 303 Jefferson St., Madison, Ind., says:

"Kidney trouble caused me to suffer terribly from headaches, backaches and extreme weakness. I had days of depression and languor and at times my ankles swelled. I was nervous and worn out. Doctors and kidney remedies failed to help until I used Doan's Kidney Pills. I am in better health now than I have been for years, thanks to them."

Remember the name—Doan's. Sold at all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

### Straight Goods.

Charles A. Dana, for many years the editor of the New York Sun, believed that the work of reporting should be worthy the best there is in a man. A contributor to the American Magazine gives several anecdotes of Mr. Dana's dealings with his reporters, many of whom learned from him lessons by which they profited and rose in their profession. On one occasion a reporter complained because he was kept on police court work.

"Young man," said Dana, "the greatest police court reporter who ever lived was named Charles Dickens."

Another complained that they had "bowed down" his story.

"The story of the crucifixion was told in six hundred words," said Dana.

He used to come out, continues the contributor, all excitement, and pointing to a mark on the margin of a clipping, say to his managing editor:

"A great sentence there, Mr. Lord. Who wrote it?"

"Who did that football story?" he asked once.

When Dana put such a question, his interlocutor used to tremble; there was no telling from his tone whether he meant to praise or to blame.

Mr. Lord named the man.

"It's Homer, that's what it is," said Dana.

"The reporter," he said again, "wields the real power of the press."

This, with all that it implies, was the thing which Dana left to his world.

"Spell it out," he said, and I'll write it down."

"So Woollen started.

"W," said he.

"Yes," said the clerk.

"W."

"Yes."

"W."

"Ye-es."

"Double o."

"Ye-es."

"Double ll."

"Say," interrupted the clerk, "what do you think you are—twins?"

A School of Art.

Tom Browne, the famous black-and-white artist, is fond of telling a story about a certain young lady painter. A well-known professional artist visited her house, and she thought it would be an excellent opportunity to obtain an expert opinion on her work. Gushingly she produced one of her pictures and showed it to the artist, without telling him, however, that it was her own doing.

"My sight gradually began to fail and finally I lost the sight of one eye altogether. The eye was operated upon and the sight partially restored, then I became totally blind in the other eye."

"My doctor used to urge me to give up coffee, but I was willful and continued to drink it until finally in a case of severe illness the doctor insisted that I must give up the coffee, so I began using Postum and in a month I felt like a new creature."

"I steadily gained in health and strength. About a month ago I began using Grape-Nuts food and the effect has been wonderful. I really feel like a new woman and have gained about 25 pounds."

"I am quite an elderly lady and before using Postum and Grape-Nuts I could not walk a square without exceeding fatigue, now I walk ten or twelve without feeling it. Formerly in reading I could remember but little but now my memory holds fast what I read."

"Several friends who have seen the remarkable effects of Postum and Grape-Nuts on me have urged that I give the facts to the public for the sake of suffering humanity, so, although I dislike publicity, you can publish this letter if you like."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of

human interest.

### MUNYON'S EMINENT DOCTORS AT YOUR SERVICE FREE.

#### Not a Penny to Pay for the Fullest Medical Examination.

If you are in doubt as to the cause of your disease, mail us a postal requesting a medical examination blank which you will fill out and return to us. Our doctors will carefully diagnose your case, and if you can be cured you will be told so; if you cannot be cured you will be told so. You are not obligated to us in any way, for this advice is absolutely free. You are at liberty to take our advice or not, as you see fit. Send to-day for a medical examination blank, fill out and return to us, and our eminent doctors will diagnose your case thoroughly, absolutely free.

Munyon's, 53d and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

### DESPAIR FEVER.

#### Russian Doctor so Names Condition That Causes Many Suicides.

In "despair fever" Dr. Dvoretzky, a well known professor of Kleff University, St. Petersburg, has discovered, isolated and given name to a new Russian disease. He says the malady is one that is spreading with tremendous swiftness and shows itself in a vast majority of cases in the desire of the patient to commit suicide. As far as the professor knows the disease is confined to Russia, where all strata of Russian society and all ages and sexes are suffering from it. It affects the 10-year-old child and the octogenarian alike.

Dr. Dvoretzky does not maintain that it is a new disease. His contention is simply that for the first time the awful ailment with which all Russia is afflicted has been classified and named. The average number of those who commit suicide every month in Russia is 350—more than 4,000 each year. All of these, Dr. Dvoretzky says, are sufferers from "despair fever." In Moscow alone there were last year nearly 600 cases and in St. Petersburg nearly 1,500.

Most of the deaths are among young men and women between the ages of 18 and 30. The most popular form of death is poison, but there are numerous other well approved forms of self-destruction. In Odessa, for example, no less than six persons suffering from despair fever consumed themselves with fire.

Dr. Dvoretzky says he calls the disease "despair fever" because its victims are always persons who find nothing but despair in the future both as regards their own lot and the fate of the country in which they live. They see nothing but weariness and a stagnant life for themselves and nothing but increasing unhappiness for the country. This stagnant life the Russian youth fear even more than death.

The TEETH. Paxine excels any dentifice in cleansing, whitening and removing tartar from the teeth, besides destroying all germs of decay and disease which ordinary tooth preparations cannot do.</p

## DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

Seymour People Have Absolute Proof of Deeds at Home.

It's not words, but deeds that prove true merit.

The deeds of Doan's Kidney Pills, For Seymour kidney sufferers, Have made their local reputation. Proof lies in the testimony of Seymour people who have been cured to stay cured.

Mrs. H. Moritz, of 405 East Fifth street, Seymour, Ind., says: "I gave statement in 1899 telling how a member of my family had been cured of a weakness of the kidneys by Doan's Kidney Pills. It is now October, 1906, and during this lapse of time there has been no return of the trouble whatever. I have recommended Doan's Kidney Pills a great many times and will continue to do so."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name Doan's and take no other.

## INDIANAPOLIS, COLUMBUS AND SOUTHERN TRACTION CO.



In effect June 1, 1909.

North-bound South-bound

Cars Lv. Seymour Cars Ar. Seymour

TO FROM

6:53 a. m. . . . 1 C. . . . 6:30 a. m.

8:53 a. m. . . . 1 G. . . . 7:50 a. m.

9:17 a. m. . . . 1 . . . . 8:51 a. m.

9:53 a. m. . . . 1 I. . . . 9:09 a. m.

10:53 a. m. . . . 1 I. . . . 9:50 a. m.

11:17 a. m. . . . 1 I. . . . 10:50 a. m.

11:53 a. m. . . . 1 I. . . . 11:09 a. m.

12:53 p. m. . . . 1 I. . . . 11:50 a. m.

1:17 p. m. . . . 1 I. . . . 12:50 p. m.

1:53 p. m. . . . 1 I. . . . 1:50 p. m.

2:53 p. m. . . . 1 I. . . . 2:09 p. m.

3:17 p. m. . . . 1 I. . . . 2:50 p. m.

3:53 p. m. . . . 1 I. . . . 3:50 p. m.

4:53 p. m. . . . 1 I. . . . 4:09 p. m.

5:53 p. m. . . . 1 I. . . . 4:50 p. m.

6:17 p. m. . . . 1 I. . . . 5:50 p. m.

6:53 p. m. . . . 1 I. . . . 6:09 p. m.

7:53 p. m. . . . 1 I. . . . 6:50 p. m.

8:17 p. m. . . . 1 I. . . . 7:50 p. m.

8:53 p. m. . . . 1 I. . . . 8:09 a. m.

10:20 p. m. . . . G I. . . . 9:50 a. m.

11:53 p. m. . . . C I. . . . 11:38 a. m.

1.—Indianapolis. G.—Greenwood, C.—Columbus.

\*—Hoosier Flyers. \*—Dixie Flyers.

x—Seymour-Indianapolis Limiteds.

Cars make connections at Seymour with trains of the B. & O. R. R. and Southern Indiana R. R. for all points east and west of Seymour.

For rates and full information see Agents and official time table folders in all cars.

General Offices—Columbus, Indiana.

INDIANAPOLIS AND LOUISVILLE TRACTION COMPANY



In effect June 1, 1909.

Hoosier Flyers leave Seymour for Columbus, Edinburg, Franklin, Greenwood and Indianapolis at: 9:17, 11:17 a. m. and 1:17, 3:17, 6:17, 8:17 p. m.

Dixie Flyers leave Seymour for Crothersville, Scottsburg, Sellersburg, Watson Junction, Jeffersonville and Louisville at: 9:11, 11:11 a. m. and 2:11, 4:11, 6:11, 8:11 p. m.

Local Cars leave Seymour for Louisville and all intermediate points at: 5:54, 7:54, 9:54, 11:54 a. m. and 12:51, 2:51, 4:54, 6:54, \*8:54, \*11:00.

Local freight service daily except Sunday between Seymour and Jeffersonville. Car arrives at 5:35 p. m. and leaves at 6:30 p. m.

For rates and information see Agents and official time table folders in all cars.

\* For Scottsburg only.

H. D. MURDOCK, Supt. Scottsburg, Ind.

## SOUTHERN INDIANA RAILWAY CO.

## TIME TABLE

North Bound.

No. 2 No. 4 No. 6

Lv Seymour 6:40am 12:20pm 5:50pm  
Lv Bedford 7:55am 1:38pm 7:05pm  
Lv Odon 9:01am 2:40pm 8:12pm  
Lv Elora 9:11am 2:49pm 8:22pm  
Lv Beehunter 9:27am 3:03pm 8:35pm  
Lv Linton 9:42am 3:20pm 8:49pm  
Lv Jasonville 10:05am 3:43pm 9:11pm  
Ar Terre Haute 10:54am 4:35pm 10:05pm  
No. 25, Mixed, Leaves Seymour at 2:25 p. m., arrives at Westport 4:10pm

South Bound

No. 1 No. 3 No. 5

Lv Terre Haute 6:00am 11:15am 5:35pm  
Lv Jasonville 6:51am 12:08pm 6:27pm  
Lv Linton 7:13am 12:30pm 6:51pm  
Lv Beehunter 7:25am 12:43pm 7:04pm  
Lv Elora 7:40am 12:58pm 7:19pm  
Lv Odon 7:50am 1:08pm 7:29pm  
Lv Bedford 9:05am 2:20pm 8:40pm  
Ar Seymour 10:15am 3:30pm 9:50pm  
No. 28 mixed leaves Westport at 4:40 p. m., arrives at Seymour 6:25 p. m.

For time tables and further information, apply to local agent, or  
H. P. RADLEY, G. P. & T. A. Grand Opera House, Terre Haute.

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

## MIDNIGHT ASSASSINS

Kentucky Farmer Called to His Door and Shot in Cold Blood.

Scottsville, Ky., Aug. 11.—John Simpson, a well-known farmer of the Amos neighborhood, was called to the door of his home at midnight by six masked men and shot to death. It is said the killing was the outcome of a suit instituted by a Mrs. Douglas to recover the custody of her children, in which action it is alleged Simpson took a prominent part in her behalf.

NIGHT RIDERS AGAIN APPEAR.

Brownsville, Ky., Aug. 11.—Masked men, styled "night riders" by the country people, wounded Harden Minton, a farmer, and took Andy Farris, another farmer, and two women, one named Belle Gross, from their respective homes near here and whipped them. Farris bore his whipping stolidly, but the women begged hard for mercy to no avail. In besieging Minton in his home, the band shot Minton in the leg. He may not recover. No reasons for the "correctional measures" are given.

## TERSE TELEGRAMS

King Edward has gone to Marienbad for his annual cure.

Eleven persons were burned to death in a hotel fire at Vancouver, B. C.

A cloudburst struck Monterey, Mexico, causing great loss of property and some loss of life.

President Taft has declared that his idea of an ideal vacation is to do the same thing over again every day.

Colonel Albert Pepe, well known in automobile and bicycle circles, is dead at his summer home in Cohasset, Mass.

A balloon piloted by Lieutenant Mina ascended from Milan to a height of over seven miles, which is believed to be the world's record.

Bronze statues of George Washington and Robert E. Lee, Virginia's contribution to the nation's "Hall of Fame," have been placed in Statuary Hall at the capitol at Washington.

It is said that a foreclosure sale of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton road is still threatened because certain noteholders have refused to give their assent to the plan of reorganization.

Contemplation of the government crop report inspired additional bearishness in the minds of wheat traders on the Chicago board of trade, and prompted renewed selling which resulted in still further declines.

## MYSTERIOUS ATTACK

Brown County Woman Shot From Roadside Ambush.

Nashville, Ind., Aug. 11.—While riding in an open buggy to Edinburg, Mrs. Charles Dailey, fifty-four years of age, was shot from ambush and seriously wounded.

As she approached a thicket near the roadside, Mrs. Dailey, who was driving a spirited horse, heard a peculiar noise. The horse became frightened and started to run away when a shot rang out. Mrs. William Chander, who lives nearby, heard the shot and the screams of Mrs. Dailey. When she reached the scene she found Mrs. Dailey unconscious. Physicians report Mrs. Dailey in a critical condition, buckshot from a shotgun having penetrated her back. The unfortunate woman has been removed to her home eight miles north of Nashville.

Mrs. Dailey is not known to have had any enemies, and it is believed she was shot through a mistake in identity. Farmers formed a posse, but were unable to find a trace of the would-be assassin.

## TOUCHED A LIVE WIRE.

Fort Wayne, Ind., Aug. 11.—Bait Wheeler of Huntington, a lineman employed by the Home Telephone company, suffered a fractured skull when he fell a distance of thirty feet. Wheeler was at work on a pole and accidentally touched a traction wire with his nippers. The shock Wheeler received knocked him to the ground.

## ANOTHER BOY DROWNED.

Fort Wayne, Ind., Aug. 11.—In view of four companions who had gone with him to spend the day at the resort, Verne Jones, eighteen years old, was drowned in the waters of Sylvan lake at Rome City. The boys were diving after balls in the lake when Jones became cramped and sank.

## FELL FROM A BARGE.

New Albany, Ind., Aug. 11.—Captain William H. Wood, aged sixty-three years, and a familiar figure on the hurricane decks of river steamboats all the way from Pittsburgh to New Orleans, fell from a barge into the Ohio river here and was drowned.

## HANGED HIMSELF IN BARN.

Martinsville, Ind., Aug. 11.—James Hurst, a farmer who lived six miles northwest of this city, hanged himself with a halter in the mow of his barn. There is no known cause for the deed.

It is a Philippine natural monopoly. It cannot be grown profitably in any other part of the world. The United States is the largest consumer.

## SOLDIER BALKS DEATH PLOT.

It seemed to J. A. Stone, a civil war veteran, of Kemp, Tex., that a plot existed between a desperate lung trouble and the grave to cause his death. "I contracted a stubborn cold," he writes, "that developed a cough that stuck to me, in spite of all remedies, for years. My weight ran down to 130 pounds. Then I began to use Dr. King's New Discovery, which restored my health completely. I now weigh 178 pounds." For severe colds, obstinate coughs, hemorrhages, asthma, and to prevent pneumonia it's unrivaled. Guaranteed by Andrew Schwenk Drug Co.

## THE RESULT.

One of the characteristics of H. H. Rogers of Standard Oil fame was his love of a joke even at his own expense. The humor lost nothing by that in Mr. Rogers' opinion. This was one of his favorite stories:

He, William C. Whitney and several other friends were discussing the succession to the presidency of Yale, then vacant before the election of Professor Hadley, who then held the chair of economics. Another professor, longer at the university than Dr. Hadley, was candidate, and his chances of winning the honor were under discussion.

"Well," said Mr. Rogers, "if I had been as long around Yale as Professor So-and-so I'd be president."

"No, Henry," retorted Mr. Whitney. "You would probably own the ground and the buildings, but you would not be president."—Detroit Free Press.

## THE SECRET OF LONG LIFE.

A French scientist has discovered one secret of long life. His method deals with the blood. But long ago millions of Americans had proved Electric Bitters prolongs life and makes it worth living. It purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood, rebuilds wasted nerve cells, imparts life and tone to the entire system. It's a godsend to weak, sick and debilitated people. "Kidney trouble had blighted my life for months," writes W. M. Sherman, of Cushing, Me., but Electric Bitters cured me entirely." Only 50c at Andrew-Schwenk Drug Co.

## SILENT LIES.

There are silent lies in addition to those spoken aloud. And these are equally despicable. Living a lie, turning life into a deceptive machine, is not only demoralizing, but it is always a confession of weakness. The strong, balanced mind does not resort to subterfuge. It can afford to be transparent, open, because it is conscious of strength and does not need to hide anything. Great minds are open to the light, with no dark corners. With them nothing is hidden or veiled. Everybody is afraid of the opaque mind—the mind that acts in the dark, underground. Nobody trusts the man who is always covering his tracks. We all love a transparent mind. Ex-change.

WASHINGTON ONCE GAVE UP

to three doctors; was kept in bed for five weeks. Blood poison from a spider's bite caused large, deep sores to cover his leg. The doctors failed, then "Bucklen's Arnica Salve completely cured me," writes John Washington, of Bosqueville, Tex. For eczema, boils, burns and piles it's supreme. 25c at Andrew-Schwenk Drug Co.

## CONSISTENT.

In a hospital in one of the large cities of central France the physician in chief, in the course of his round of inspection, approached a cot and after feeling the patient's pulse remarked, "H'm—he is doing very nicely; his pulse is much better."

"It is as you say, doctor," replied the nurse, "but it is not the same man. Yesterday's patient is dead, and this one has been put in his place."

"Ah," said the doctor, "different patient, eh? Well, same treatment." And he walked on.

## REVOLTS AT COLD STEEL.

"Your only hope," said three doctors to Mrs. M. E. Fisher, of Detroit, Mich., suffering from severe rectal trouble, "lies in operation." "Then I used Dr. King's New Life Pills," she writes, "till wholly cured." They prevent appendicitis, cure constipation, headache. 25 cents at Andrew-Schwenk Drug Co.

## ADVERTISED LETTERS

The following is a list of letters remaining in the postoffice at Seymour and if not called for within 14 days will be sent to the dead letter office.

## LADIES.

Minnie Forrest.  
Miss Lucy Mull.  
Miss Allie Pritchard.  
Miss Edna Robbins.

## GENTS.

Mr. G. C. James.

W. M. P. MASTERS, P. M.  
Seymour, Aug. 9, 1909.

EARTH SHOCKS CONTINUE.

Mexico City, Aug. 10.—Acapulco felt another severe earthquake shock yesterday, according to reports reaching this city. The people were greatly frightened, but there was no loss of life or great property damage.

Nearly a thousand freight handlers in the sheds of the Canadian Pacific railway at Fort William, Ont., walked out, and freight movement in Fort Williams is at a standstill.

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